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AT REST.

BY SARAH BOUDNEY.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be;
With blast and angry sea.
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep
Where thou art laid to sleep;
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart, too long in this mad world oppressed,
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplexed with strife of good and ill,
Long to be safe and still;
Evil is present with me while I pray
That good may win the day;
Great Giver, grant me Thy last gift and best,
The gift of rest!

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHICH WINS," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

CYNTHIA indeed passed through an extraordinary succession of feelings. To see her hero again, in a different, but no less romantic position than she had seen him first—this alone was enough to make her whole frame vibrate with excitement. Here, on the stage, he had every advantage to dress and "make-up," and looked even handsomer than in the sunlight of an April morning.

He appeared to her a perfect ideal of young manhood.

When the familiar words began to fall upon her ear, she started in absolute astonishment; but by degrees she began to realise what it was that she had overheard; and, as she did so, she felt again the special privilege.

It had seemed very wonderful to hear an author recite his own compositions; it now seemed even more wonderful to have overheard the absolutely private rehearsals of this young hero of the public.

"Vavasour is a good actor," observed Mrs. Vane between the acts—"rather wooden perhaps, but good style.

"Do you think, Lord Ayrtoun, that, if I held out the white flag, he would accept an invitation to luncheon with us?"

"I think so," replied Lord Ayrtoun, with the deliberate air of one deciding a weighty matter.

Just then the curtain went up again, and Mrs. Vane returned to her favorite amusement at the theatre, which consisted in making audible comments on the actors and actresses during the progress of the play.

Until now Cynthia had been so rapt, she had not noticed her cousin's incessant remarks.

But now they worried her terribly. Mrs Vane never saw anything but the oddities of appearance which her keen eyes discovered in the women; their beauties she was unable to perceive.

To the men she was one degree kinder; and it filled Cynthia with horror to hear it audibly remarked while Vavasour was on the stage, that undoubtedly his legs were not as straight as they might be.

She rose and, drawing back from the front of the box, sat down on a chair behind Mrs. Vane.

Lord Ayrtoun made no remark; he knew perfectly well what had distressed her.

With a mind full of fair fancies and romantic dreams, Cynthia went home from the theatre.

She shook hands with Lord Ayrtoun without knowing that she did so; he looked into her eyes and knew that they saw not his, but another face.

She sat through the homeward drive in silence, although Mrs. Vane chattered and laughed the entire way.

But Mrs. Vane had one merit when her chattering fits were on; she needed no answers.

The next morning Cynthia, reading the paper, saw that Eric Vavasour was to play Orlando on the Thursday afternoon. This was Tuesday.

She felt at once that she would never be able to bear the disappointment if she did not see this performance, and she determined to overcome her strong natural reserve.

"Cousin Kate," she said, the next time she found herself alone with Mrs. Vane, "I should like to see "As You Like It" on Thursday."

She had flushed crimson before the words were out of her mouth, and she was trembling. Mrs. Vane stared at her.

"You're gone stage-mad, my dear," she said.

"Well, I expected you would; we'll get some tickets when we go to town. Let me look at the advertisement.

"I see that ridiculous little Miss Morrion plays Rosalind, and my dear friend Vavasour, Orlando.

"Oh, I forgot!

"I meant to ask him to luncheon. I'll ask him for Sunday.

"I hardly imagine he will like to refuse a lady who is desirous of being friendly with him."

Cynthia was made happy in the afternoon by the purchase of two tickets for stalls for the Thursday performance.

She thought of nothing else till the day came.

And when she found herself seated in the small, but pretty theatre, within a few feet of the stage, her heart beat violently at the idea of her close proximity to her hero.

Eric Vavasour's costume had been designed by a well-known artist, and was well adapted to his face and figure; even Mrs. Vane had to allow that the dress suited him admirably.

But, being an habitual detractor, she found fault with his acting; and, as for Miss Morrion, she could think of nothing bad enough to say about her.

She kept up a running fire of adverse criticism.

Cynthia however heard none of it.

To her mind, this forest of Arden was the sunlit woodland of Porlock Weir; she smelled the faint odor of the primroses again, and the sound of her hero's voice brought back every sweet recollection of those fair April mornings.

The great scene between Orlando and Rosalind filled her with amazement and delight.

How different he was from the impassioned Claude Melnotte!

How he let his romantic sweetheart play with him, and fancy that she deceived him by her thin disguise, while he led her on to reveal herself by a thousand follies.

The old-world, yet immortal, comedy of love was to Cynthia the sweetest thing she had ever seen or heard.

And to her eager fancy all the prose of the hard boards and footlights vanished; this was all happening, fresh and new, in the fragant glades of an English forest.

* * * * * * *

The next afternoon Eric Vavasour went striding through the streets, with the same swinging step that he had used at Porlock Weir, in search of his friend Lord Ayrtoun.

His appearance was certainly very different from what it had been in the country. He wore what Mrs. Vane would have called "Piccadilly clothes," and they were hardly so becoming to him as his white flannels had been.

Suddenly, going over a crossing in Piccadilly, he saw a lady, very much dressed and with a certain handsomeness of appearance, bow to him.

With a discomfiture which made him look intensely cross, he raised his hat and forced a smile.

The carriage passed on, and he hurried away up the side-street.

Mrs. Vane put up her eye-glasses to look after him.

"Did you see Vavasour?" she said to Cynthia.

"He didn't want to bow to me; but I made him.

"What an ill-tempered fellow he is! And does he not justify the idea that fine feathers make fine birds?

"He really looks Orlando very well; but in modern attire he is quite an every-day young man.

"By-the-way, I wonder whether he will condescend to come to luncheon on Sunday?"

Meanwhile, Vavasour walked rapidly into one of the squares, and knocked at the door of Lord Ayrtoun's little house, the perfection of a bachelor's establishment. Lord Ayrtoun was at home, in his studio. Vavasour entered unannounced. Lord Ayrtoun had a great weakness for artists of any sort, and let them make themselves very much at home with him.

Eric Vavasour flung himself into a chair with an air of weariness.

"Look here, old fellow!" he said. "You know Mrs. Vane.

"Can you tell me what's her reason for making up to me?"

"Can't tell you," replied Lord Ayrtoun, with an amused twinkle in his eye; "but you must remember you are an attractive young man, possessed of the fatal gift of beauty."

Vavasour groaned.

"Don't talk that nonsense, old fellow," he returned; "there's no denying women have an unpleasant habit of throwing themselves at my heads.

"But Mrs Vane, at any rate, is not attracted by my beauty as you term it. She laughs at me. I hate that woman.

"I heard her detracting me one day just as I entered Lady Amber's drawing-room, and, when she saw me, she cried out—'Talk of an angel——' and then indulged in a fit of ill-bred laughter.'

"Well, I believe she's sorry for that piece of indiscretion," said Lord Ayrtoun. "She has regretted it to me on more than one occasion.

"She's a good-hearted sort of a creature; and her idea is that you can afford to forgive her such a trifling insult."

"So I could only that she spoke the truth; my legs are crooked!"

Lord Ayrtoun burst out laughing.

"How absurd you are!" he exlaimed. "An actor gets to be as vain and sensitive as a professional beauty.

"It's too ridiculous!

"You may be sure, if Mrs. Vane fancied for a moment she had told the truth she wouldn't attempt to make friends with you."

"I am not so sure," answered Vavasour. "She has no tact. She follows her own ideas, and never takes any one else's feelings into account."

"What has she been doing to cause all this excitement?" asked Lord Ayrtoun quickly.

"Invited me to luncheon on Sunday," Vavasour announced discontentedly.

"Oh, I should certainly go, if I were you!" declared Lord Ayrtoun.

"But she's so horribly vulgar!" Vavasour demurred still.

"Well, don't flatter her by keeping up such a childish quarrel as yours is against her."

"But I don't want to know her," persisted his friend.

"She's a horrid woman.

"She probes you in your most sensitive places, and then laughs at you. Besides, she gives a fellow no peace.

"Once go to see her, she's always asking you, writing to you, sending you cards and things."

"Well, never mind," said Lord Ayrtoun cheerfully.

"Don't have more enemies than you can help.

"That's my motto.

"Besides, she has a virtue now which covers a multitude of sins; she is received everywhere and made much of because of it."

"What is it?" asked Vavasour very irritably.

"She has come into ten thousand a year."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vavasour. "You don't say so?"

"So says everybody," answered Lord Ayrtoun, "and for the matter of that you have only to go and see her, to take note of her surroundings, to conclude that for once in a way, everybody must be right."

Eric Vavasour rose from his seat, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Better make up your mind to be forgiving," said Lord Ayrtoun presently.

"Mrs. Vane meant no harm, and is sorry for having offended you; in fact, to tell you my private opinion, I believe the fair widow is 'taken' with you. And it's a pleasant house now to visit at. Miss Gray is a most charming girl."

Vavasour said nothing, but continued his perambulations.

"I'm going there to lunch on Sunday," observed Lord Ayrtoun; "you'd better come."

"I will," responded Vavasour very briskly.

"I'll write and accept.

"Fancy that woman having ten thousand a year!"

* * * * * *

Certainly Eric Vavasour was a very good actor.

He made his bow in Mrs. Vane's drawing room on the following Sunday with an excellent grace.

He sat down beside her and began to talk to her as if they were the best friends in the world.

He did not appear to see Cynthia, though she was presented to him in due form. This pleased Mrs. Vane very much, for she had observed that most young men, while they talked to her, looked at her cousin. Therefore Mrs. Vane was very gracious, and tried her best to talk discreetly and to laugh not at all.

After luncheon the guests melted away, leaving only Lord Ayrtoun and Eric Vavasour.

Neither of them seemed inclined to move.

Cynthia began to tremble a little when she found the company growing so small; it seemed to bring her hero so very near to her.

It was extraordinary to sit there and see him so close, talking so familiarly, lending himself to the exigencies of the moment, as if he were indeed merely an every-day young man.

Cynthia regarded him as something to be looked at with awe, as a creature meant only for high days and holidays.

But he made himself quite at home amid the small joys of a Sunday afternoon in Mrs Vane's drawing-room.

They sat in the conservatory and had tea.

While they were drinking it some callers came; and it was a source of gratification to Mrs. Vane that these people should find her *tete-a-tete* with such a decidedly nice young man.

For Cynthia and Lord Ayrtoun had wandered out on to the balcony at the drawing-room windows, where there was a faint breeze to be felt.

Cynthia had readily gone there in search of fresh air, for she felt as if she had been gazing too long and too familiarly upon her idol.

It was a thing to think of for many days to come that she had seen him so close that she had been on easy terms of intimacy with him—had spoken to him—had touched his hand.

Not that he had ever looked at her, or indeed seemed distinctly aware of her existence.

Cynthia did not resent being ignored.

She was of too romantic and ardent a nature to have the common feminine expectation of being admired.

She lived in her dreams; and at present, Eric Vavasour was the living embodiment of her dream-hero.

Lord Ayrtoun told her, out on the balcony, that next week Vavasour was to play Benedick.

"He is wonderfully versatile," said the young nobleman, who very honestly admired his friend's talents; "you will be interested in his Benedick. You will go will you not?"

"I hope so—I think so," said Cynthia, hesitating a little.

"He was in such an awful temper down at Porlock," said Lord Ayrtoun, laughing at the recollection.

"He had all those parts to learn, you know.

"How he did hate it! I never knew any man dislike learning by heart as Vavasour does.

"It's really odd how people struggle with natural disabilities in order to succeed in a profession."

Cynthia said nothing.

She thought, half unconsciously, that Lord Ayrtoun, after all, did not understand his friend.

This of course implied that she did.

She could not help feeling that, in her guilty eavesdropping, she had penetrated into a condition of Vavasour's mind which he did not exhibit to his friends.

She had seen the artist when he believed himself to be quite alone, and when he was studying with enthusiasm.

The fact that she had been granted so rare a privilege gave her a singular feeling about Vavasour, a sense of tenderness, as if he were one of whom she had some special knowledge, which must be guarded secretly from all others.

The two young men went away together. As soon as they were outside the house, Lord Ayrtoun yielded to an intense desire to "chaff" his friend.

"Well, was the widow so very disagreeable?"

"Not so very."

"Did you find her intolerably vulgar?"

"I suppose she was on her good behavior to-day.

"Did she insult you?"

"Not at all; she seemed to be determined to carry on her new policy of making up to me."

"Did she laugh at you?"

"No.

"She seems to have found out how to be serious."

"Extraordinary! And do you like her conversation as much as you appeared to do?"

"She is amusing sometimes, and not as malicious as I fancied her."

"Ah!

"Didn't she sneer at Miss Merrion's figure, Miss Merrion's voice, face, and manner?"

"Yes; but then Miss Merrion is a detestable person."

"In fact, you find on some points you can agree with Mrs. Vane?"

"Yes, on some points."

"You get on rather well with her?"

"Rather well—yes.

"She's too fat and too old for my taste; but then a poor fellow like myself can't afford to have any taste."

"What a change!

"I thought you were such a very particular young man!"—and Lord Ayrtoun began to laugh.

"What do you mean?

"For Heaven's sake don't laugh, but explain yourself!"

"She's completely gone on you," resumed Lord Ayrtoun, with a swift return to fictitious sobriety.

"She's in earnest: but I hardly thought you were.

"Still, ten thousand a year is a great inducement."

"What a nuisance you are!" said Vavasour uneasily.

"All right, old fellow; I'll leave you in peace.

"Come and call with me on Tuesday afternoon."

"No, thanks," returned Vavasour, a little stiffly.

"Oh, you mean to go alone! All right again.

"I will say nothing. You are a lucky dog.

"The widow openly holds out her plump hand to you.

"Miss Gray looks at you with those great eyes of hers as if you were a demi-god. I wish I were an actor!"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Vavasour impatiently.

"I'd give anything to be free of those hateful boards.

"As for Miss Gray, she seems to me cut out for contemplation.

"If I'm not there, she will look at somebody else.

"I dare say she is very pretty but I couldn't afford to gaze at her direct; she would probably have fallen in love with me at once.

"Just the kind of girl to do such a thing.

"And, though large eyes and modest gray frocks may be very nice, I can't indulge in such luxuries."

"No," said Lord Ayrtoun, with gravity; "rich widows are evidently more in your line.

"Though I never guessed your taste before."

"Heiresses, as a rule, fight shy of penniless fellows like myself," admitted Vavasour modestly.

"Oh, I see!

"Well, Mrs. Vane has not fought shy of you.

"She's a good-natured soul, and likes to be 'hail fellow well met' with everybody.

"I don't think there's any harm in her, with all her chattering.

"But she certainly is rather malicious; and it would be much nicer if she could learn a little English grammar."

That evening the two ladies sat down together to a solitary dinner. They were in very different moods.

Mrs. Vane was talkative, triumphant; Cynthia was quiet, absorbed in thought, and a little tired.

"I like him, after all, that Vavasour," said Mrs. Vane.

"I am glad we've made it up and buried the hatchet.

"He really can be very amusing; he's going to bring us a box for Thursday, Cynthia."

"Is he?" said Cynthia, waking up a little from her dreams.

"I am glad, for I want to go."

"You'll soon be a regular play-goer. Always the way when girls are brought up in a convent.

"It makes them love the world, on the principle of contrasts, I suppose. For my part, I think Vavasour is more amusing off the stage than on.

"Don't you?"

"I?

"It hadn't occurred to me to think him amusing."

"What a queer girl you are—cold as an iceberg!

"There's poor dear Lord Ayrtoun madly in love with you, and I don't believe you know it.

"Don't be so cold—men get tired of it, I assure you.

"All the world isn't given up to dreaming you know."

Cynthia made no rejoinder; and Mrs. Vane dropped the subject.

She was not much addicted to giving her young cousin advice.

She only did it now and then, when the girl's demure manner and quiet ways irritated her.

On the following Wednesday afternoon Eric Vavasour called, bringing with him tickets for the next day's performance.

It was about five when he came in, and he accepted a cup of tea from Mrs. Vane with an evidently genuine gratitude.

"You're tired," she said.

"Tired to death," he answered. "I've been at rehearsal all day, and every day this week.

"That Miss Merrion is enough to wear out the patience of a saint; and I'm not a saint.

"Those detestable boards make a perfect brute of me.

"I had an awful row with Miss Merrion to-day."

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane.

"What fun!

"Do tell us all about it."

But Vavasour remembered in time that Mrs. Vane was a veritable sieve for gossip. She retailed all she heard, with annotations which swiftly became incorporated.

"I ought not to talk of her," he said, with an air as of much gentle forbearance.

"We all know she is not a lady; but of course she can't help that!"

"It certainly must be painful to have to play with a woman like that," observed Mrs. Vane.

"Now I should have liked to go on the stage immensely; but I suppose it would have been no place for me. A lady would be out of her element there."

Vavasour let his eyes rest on her for a full moment before replying.

This speech of hers enlightened him wonderfully.

He saw that, in spite of her shrewdness in other matters, with regard to herself this woman was very foolish.

She fancied herself a lady; she absolutely paraded the fact.

And she thought herself fit for the stage. Vavasour believed that he saw his way. It did him good—it restored his spirits.

"Entirely out of her element," he then said.

"It's bad enough for a man of any feeling.

"It's a horrible profession: the public only see the charming side of it—the unreal side.

"Don't let us talk of it.

"To come here to be in the society of ladies—makes me dislike the whole thing more than ever."

Cynthia had been sitting by the tea-table all this time, gravely regarding him while he spoke.

As he hardly ever looked at her, she had acquired a sense of safety in feasting her eyes as much as they desired. Now she rose and moved away, leaving the two to themselves.

She disappeared through the archway which led into the green-house.

"Isn't she an odd girl?" said Mrs. Vane. "You have shocked her. She thinks your profession the most romantic and delightful in the world."

"Ah—yes!" returned Vavasour drily. "I believe that is the opinion of outsiders sometimes."

Cynthia returned after half an hour's sojourn among her plants, to find the two still talking and seemingly very content. Suddenly, as she entered, Vavasour rose.

"I must go straight to the theatre," he said.

"I have lost my dinner. It does not matter, though, for I have had something better."

"Dear me!

"Lost your dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane.

"Do you dine so early?"

"We poor hacks that run in theatrical harness are compelled to do so," said Vavasour, with a laugh.

"You see I have to 'make up,' and be ready at quarter-past seven."

"Oh, you must have a glass of wine and a biscuit, at least, before you go!" declared Mrs. Vane.

Vavasour bowed over Cynthia's hand with the artificial grace which he had learned in his profession; and she remained trembling and flushed, standing still where he left her.

He followed Mrs. Vane into the dining-room, where the wine was immediately forthcoming.

There certainly was an atmosphere of material and physical comfort about this woman which was very seductive to his senses.

CHAPTER IV.

IN spite of hearing Vavasour abusing his profession, Cynthia still continued to worship her hero.

The performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" left her in a state of wonder and amazement.

She had dimly guessed that the speeches contained something neither serious nor sad when she had heard them recited in the woods of Porlock Weir. But when she had heard them recited in their proper setting, she was startled.

Hitherto she had only seen Vavasour as the romantic hero; to see him in comedy hardly pleased her, yet she felt humbled in the thought of his versatility, as Lord Ayrtoun had called it. What powers this man must have!

"Rather a wooden lover is our friend Vavasour," said Mrs. Vane, in a loud whisper.

"I think he'd play the part better in private life.

"What do you think—eh, Cynthia?" and she laughed at her own wit.

When they came out of the theatre, they had to wait a while for their carriage.

The performance had been well attended and the carriages had some difficulty in getting to the door of the theatre amid the crowding traffic of the street.

Just as theirs drove up, a familiar form came striding past them.

Eric Vavasour had quickly changed his dress, and was hurrying away to get some dinner in the brief time left to him before he had to dress again for Claude Melnotte.

But when he saw the two ladies just getting into their victoria, he paused and gave a moment of his precious liberty to handing them in.

There were a number of people standing about—the kind of loitering crowd which is always to be seen after an afternoon performance, apparently undecided whether it will go home or go to the theatre again.

Some of these people recognized Eric, to his annoyance.

Mrs. Vane was in an excellent humor. She had been amused at the theatre, and she believed she looked well; she was flattered by Vavasour's attention.

She spoke warmly to him as he shut the door of the carriage and shook hands with her.

"You did that awfully well my dear fellow," she said, holding his hand a moment.

"Upon my word you're quite too—too lovely in your Benedick dress—adorable!"—and, as the carriage drove off, she waved her hand and laughed at what she had said, as if it were funny.

Some of the people on the pavement looked at each other and laughed too.

Cynthia was watching Vavasour; he smiled, and raised his hat just as Mrs. Vane began to speak.

She saw the smile harden on his face till it lost all meaning or expression; and she saw suddenly a look of rage and disgust come into his eyes.

Cynthia's quick apprehensiveness told her that Mrs. Vane had committed her old fault.

Vavasour thought she was laughing at him, and he hated her for it.

Cynthia wondered very much whether he would be more deeply offended this time than before.

She herself began to change her feeling of qualified liking for her cousin into a sense of shrinking and of dislike.

This arose from sympathy with her wounded hero.

It appeared to her too dreadful that cousin Kate should tease and laugh and speak so loud, and think so little of any one's feelings but her own.

Before they had gone many yards, Mrs. Vane began to talk about a dress she had ordered that day—about the horses, the servants—about a hundred things which interested herself.

Cynthia sat quiet, wondering whether the patched-up peace between Vavasour and Mrs. Vane was at an end.

Whether she would see him again off the stage.

The next afternoon Cynthia came into the drawing to find him there, *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Vane.

They were apparently the best friends in the world.

Cynthia concluded that Vavasour was determined to show that he was possessed of an angelic temper.

Perhaps that was so.

At all events he made himself exceedingly agreeable.

And yet Cynthia was haunted by a feeling that Mrs. Vane annoyed him as much as she was herself annoyed by her lively cousin.

Mrs. Vane was rapidly assuming familiar airs with Vavasour; she no longer took any great pains with her grammar in his presence or tried to subdue her manners for his benefit.

She had come to the conclusion, naturally enough, that he continued to visit her so frequently for his own pleasure, nor for hers.

She was extremely gracious to him, for indeed he offered her a flattery which could not but be acceptable.

When one of her battered old beaux of the last generation dropped in for half-an-hour's flirtation with her, it made her feel like a girl again to have young Vavasour already installed at her side.

She was at the height of her glory when old Sir George Cumber walked into her drawing-room, and found that he had to keep on the other side of the hearthrug because Eric Vavasour's long legs came in the way and hedged in Mrs. Vane in the corner of the sofa.

She began to treat Sir George as if he were her grandfather; and when he stared sternly at his young supplanter, it made her laugh.

Two admirers at once was too much for Mrs. Vane's head.

Cynthia had often noticed that the society of one man was a necessity to her cousin, but more than one was an intoxication.

And now Mrs. Vane had an additional triumph, for Cynthia sat at the other side of the room unnoticed.

There was no denying that Cynthia, in her quiet, stately fashion, was a beauty; and Mrs. Vane had suffered tortures of mortification from this fact.

A woman must be an absolute heroine if she can be constantly in the society of an undeniable beauty, and not suffer; and Mrs Vane was no heroine.

No wonder then that she appreciated to the full Eric Vavasour's undivided attentions.

She had never seen him look at Cynthia Gray.

This afternoon she became very excited with her triumph.

She had laughed loudly and incessantly, keeping her fine white teeth in constant view; she seemed not to know what she said, and hardly to understand what was said to her, but to pre-suppose that every utterance must be funny.

When she was in this mood, Cynthia hated her; and the noise made by the group in the corner distressed her very much.

At last she rose and went away through the curtained archway into the conservatory.

As she stood within it, soothed by the sense of quiet and the fragrance of the flowers, she suddenly felt that some one had followed her.

It was Vavasour.

She flushed with excitement.

She had never before been alone with him.

Never before had he seemed to notice her.

Even now he appeared hardly aware of her presence; for he spoke, yet not to her.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How I do hate a noisy woman."

Then he looked up straight into Cynthia's face, and the expression of his own altered.

Cynthia fancied that he had meant to speak aloud, or that he had not known she was so close.

At first a frown of intense annoyance came on to his forehead

It recurred to her that he was about to apologize or explain; and she shrank from any such course on his part so much that perhaps she expressed the feeling in her eyes.

At all events, if he had such an intention, he changed his tactics after regarding her for a moment.

"Miss Gray," he said in his most charming manner, "you look to me the very personification of the spirit of quiet in that dress, which has an air as if Worth had made it for a Quaker lady, and with that air on your face as if you never meant to speak any more.

"Do you ever talk?"

"Sometimes," said Cynthia quaintly.

"But not often, I think," returned Vavasour, "nor much.

"And, positively, I have never heard you laugh.

"Now that's what I call delicious. You have the golden gift of silence."

From the drawing-room came Mrs. Vane's continuous laughter; she had old Sir George at her side now, and was covering her disgust at Vavasour's desertion of her by carrying on a deep flirtation with her old admirer.

For some ten minutes or more these two loitered among the flowers, Vavasour said little, but he was quiet and gentle; he did nothing to destroy Cynthia's ideal. She

was intensely happy, almost too happy to speak.

But she talked in her own way. Cynthia had a habit, very unusual with women, of speaking in sentences.

And moreover, she used the lower tones of her voice.

These two things, to Vavasour's cultivated ear constituted a vivid charm.

He felt that it would be possible to spend hours in this conservatory with no other society than Cynthia's.

As soon as he became aware of this feeling, he roused himself; and, with an abruptness which seemed to Cynthia very strange, he left her and stepped back into the drawing room.

Going across to Mrs. Vane, he threw himself on the chair nearest her, with a manner which had something of proprietorship in it.

There was a doggedness and determination about him which disconcerted Sir George, who soon rose to go, leaving his young rival in possession of the field.

But Cynthia remained among the flowers, treasuring her happy recollections.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Noble Sacrifice.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

FRANK GORDON was lazily stretched upon a sofa in his sister's luxurious sitting-room, and the two were discussing a party given by Mrs. Hale the previous evening.

"Lil," Frank said, trying to speak indifferently and failing most lamentably, "I missed one face I fully expected to see, last evening—Ruth Wellford's."

"Ruth Wellford's!" cried Mrs. Hale, in accents of surprise.

"Ruth at a party!

"But I forget you have been away for six years.

"Why, Frank, she must have been a mere child then."

"Sixteen, and the sweetest, fairest girl I ever knew.

"We were always good friends, Lily, though we did not correspond, and I have carried her face and voice in my heart many a weary hour."

"I am sorry."

"Why?

"You speak as if something dreadful had occurred to her.

"She is not dead, nor have I heard of her marriage.

"What is it, then, that makes you cry out with amazement at the suggestion of her presence at your party?"

"When you went away, Ruth's uncle was still alive."

"Certainly."

"He died in that same year.

"You say you remember Ruth.

"Then you remember that she was not only pretty, modest and refined, but one of the most generous of girls.

"She had a handsome allowance from her uncle, and she spent it freely, dressing exquisitely and giving in charity or friendly gifts, frequently.

"Her uncle died, and left her the house he had lived in for years, and a clear income of one thousand.

"Well, Frank, since she became rich in her own right, Ruth has become the slave of money, a thorough miser."

"Impossible."

"Is it true.

"The first thing she did was to let the old house, furniture and all, to the Whitings.

"She moved herself to that miserable little cottage where old Mercer lived so long, and there she lives with one servant, an old woman, who was with her mother from her girlhood, they say.

"You know Mr. Wellford was very reticent about Ruth, and there is little known of her life before she came here, a child of five years old.

"But she lives with Martha, the old servant, in that tiny cottage, furnished from the old house, with the poorest of the furniture.

"She wears the cheapest, plainest clothing.

"She seldom goes out, but invariably walks, living on the meanest fare."

"But why, Lil?

"What is the explanation of such a change?"

"What can it be but pure avarice?

"Since she prefers to dress and live like a pauper, her old friends have ceased to call upon her or to invite her.

"She will be a catch some day for a fortune-hunter if she continues to live a miser's life.

"I imagine you would prefer a less sordid soul."

"You are right.

"But I cannot realize little Ruth sordid, miserly and grasping.

"I must call.

"Perhaps the dream of six long years may be shattered by the reality of such a change, but it will be a bitter waking."

"Did you love her so much, as all that, Frank?"

"So much that I asked her uncle to let me hope to win her love in return.

"He told me she was such a mere child he did not wish her mind disturbed then, but that if I loved her on my return, he would not oppose my wooing.

"She did love me, Lily, though she scarcely knew what love meant.

"Well," and he sighed heavily, "I had better have stayed away.

"I kept my secret, thinking she would be here last night to give me welcome home."

Frank rose and left the room.

He nerved himself to see a slatternly woman in a squalid house, and by the time he reached the cottage to which Lily directed him, he would scarcely have been surprised if he had met Ruth in rags.

But the little cottage before which he paused, at last, though a sufficiently strong contrast to the Wellford Place where he had last seen Ruth looked cosy and homelike.

The garden was neatly kept, and well filled with flowers.

An old woman answered his knock, and ushered him into a tiny parlor, where the plain furniture and inexpensive ornaments were in exquisite order, and where a little cottage piano stood open in one corner.

Before he had waited a moment, a little figure in a print dress and linen collar, with short, glossy curls, and a fair sweet face came into the room.

He forgot his sister, the painful story, everything but the fact that Ruth was there.

"Ruth," he cried, springing forward, and then drawing back, for there was no welcome in the face he loved, only a look of suppressed pain.

"Ruth, are you not glad to see me?" he cried.

"Glad," she murmured, and then her forced calmness broke down, and the tears rained down her cheeks.

"Glad," she cried again.

"Oh, Frank, I have lost every friend, and you will go, too, when you know all."

"I have heard——" he began.

"You have heard of my miserly habits—yes, I see you have, and yet you are here?"

"Because I am sure you have some good reason for your conduct.

"Tell me you are not changed, Ruth."

"I—I scarcely know.

"When we parted," he said, "you knew the hope in my heart.

"Tell me now, if the love you promised me is mine."

"It is all yours, Frank, but——" and she drew back from the embrace he would have given.

"You may throw it away when you hear my secret.

"I have hidden it from everyone but you but to-day I am freed from a bondage of six long years, and you have a right to hear what I shall confide to no one else.

"You will not betray my sorrowful secret, Frank?"

"Whatever trust you put in me shall be sacred, Ruth," he answered, gravely, awed by a solemnity upon her face and in her voice.

There was silence in the little parlor for some moments before the low, sweet voice was heard again.

Then steadily, without faltering, Ruth told her story.

"When you left me, Frank, a careless, happy child, the shadow of what I must tell you now had not fallen across my life.

"I knew that I was an orphan, and that my mother died away from her home and friends.

"I was still a mere babe when Uncle Wellford came for me and took me home.

"They called me Ruth Wellford, and I never thought of my right name until my uncle died.

"Upon his deathbed he told me the story of my mother's life.

"She was married against the wishes of her family to a man whose only crime then was poverty.

"Her father refused to own her, and her brother, many years her senior, was stern and bitter in his resentment.

"They were proud of their name, their position, and their wealth, and they never forgave this only daughter and sister that she left them for a man of obscure parentage and without means to support her as they had done.

"My father, at that time, was a clerk with a small salary.

"I would not wrong my mother, but my uncle said she grew peevish and soured by the contact with poverty, and constantly fretted for luxuries she had voluntarily resigned.

"My father worshipped her.

"It might have been his loving desire to gratify her, or a sudden greed for wealth—I cannot tell—but he forged his employer's name for five thousand dollars.

"My mother was too little acquainted with business to question the sudden influx of money.

"The crime was detected, my father arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to prison for a term of years.

"He died there in six months; but my poor mother had already preceded him to the grave.

"Her last wish, her last appeal was to my grandfather and uncle, begging them to pay the money and clear my father's name. They refused.

"After she died, they took me home, and I never knew a want.

"They repudiated my father, though my uncle believed he died a truly penitent man.

"In my uncle's desk, after he died, I found the papers relating to the forgery, and my poor mother's passionate appeals to him to pay the money so wrongfully taken.

"She took all blame upon herself, repenting, when too late, her repining and discontent, and her extravagant expenditure of the stolen money.

"My first impulse was to yield to her prayer, even after so many years, and pay at once the amount of the forged cheque still in the hands of the firm who employed my father.

"My uncle probably knew what I would desire, for he so willed his money to me that I can never touch the principal.

"Frank, with my mother's letters before me, I vowed never to spend one penny more than the merest necessaries of life required, until the debt was paid that haunted her deathbed.

"For six years I have saved all my income, adding to it a portion of the rent of the house my uncle left me.

"I have fared poorly, dressed plainly, and added little by little to my hoard by closest economy and care."

"Poor child!

"What a life!"

"I was unhappy.

"Martha knew all, and was far more friend than servant, and when my friends gave me up, I thought of my mother, and was comforted."

"But you say you are free, Ruth."

"I am free.

"I sent the money to the firm last week, and to-day, I have received and destroyed the cheque, the last proof of my father's crime.

"The gentlemen wrote me such a letter, Frank, that I am sure they will always respect my secret."

"Oh, if I had only been here, Ruth, to give you home and protection, to make your life happy by my love, while you saved your own means for your holy purpose."

"It could not have been, Frank.

"I would have never burdened your life with my duty to the dead."

"But now, Ruth?

"You are free now, and you will be mine to cherish and protect—to guard from all want and all sorrow in the future!"

"Frank, Frank, you forget," Ruth cried, her face deathly pale, her large dark eyes dilated with pain.

"Forget!"

"I am not the happy child you left. I am called a miser, an avaricious, hard woman, whose sordid soul looks for nothing beyond money.

"I am thrust out of society, and my old friends pass me by."

"A good reason for one to hold you fast."

"I am not even Ruth Wellford, Frank, but Ruth Mayburn, the child of a detected forger, who died in prison."

For answer he took her into his arms, folding her close, and looking into her earnest eyes with very loving, tender ones.

"You are Ruth," he said; "truly not the careless child I left, but a woman to be honored for the noble sacrifice of six long years.

"You are the Ruth whom I love, and whose love I hold to be the crowning blessing of my life.

"Take all other names out of your poor, bruised heart, love, and let me print one there in their place, calling you Ruth, my wife."

There was no explanation given even to Lily of the sacrifice of Ruth's young life, but before long there was a wedding, and in the Wellford Place old friends once more gathered round the bride.

Never could she entirely forget the long years of sorrow, but in her husband's love she finds her compensation for her noble sacrifice.

RULES FOR SPOILING A HUSBAND.—Always have the last word.

Be subject to fits of "the blues."

Made up your mind to be boss.

Wear out your temper with trifles.

Let love-making cease with your marriage.

Look on husband's relatives as enemies.

Get out of the habit of saying sweet things to each other once the molasses moon is over.

Once you have succeeded in catching a husband take no special pains to please him.

Consider housework a drudgery and home cares a bore, and begin to wonder why you allowed yourself to be tied down any way.

Make up your mind to two things—that a woman's tongue was made to wag, and a man's to keep still.

Hold your husband responsible for being a human being and not the white-winged, triple-crowned angel you thought he was.

Don't think it worth while to fix up for your husband as you did for your lover.

Spend the majority of the morning reading a novel or gossiping with a neighbor, and set down a half-cooked, hurriedly gotten-up dinner when your husband gets home from work.

Grumble and growl from morning until night because you can't have as fine clothes as some neighboring woman whose husband earns just five times as much as yours.

Let your month's grocery bill run up to a couple of dollars more than the month's salary. It may help to keep your husband out of mischief and busy planning how he's going to pay his debts.

Take it for granted that men are made out of very tame, patient clay, and that they are able to stand any amount of scoldings, hen-pecking and curtain lecturing without any signs of temper.

Don't mind saying in the hearing of the children what a good-for-nothing jackanapes their father is. This will be one way to honor their father (and mother), that their days may be long in the land.

M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SHORT LETTER.—The shortest letter ever written consisted of a single letter. A French poet wrote to Piron, the dramatist the following two words: "Eo rus," which is the Latin for "I am going into the country." Piron not to be beaten in the matter of brevity, wrote back, "I," which in Latin signifies "Go."

AN INGOT OF GOLD.—A sailor calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper, scenting a bargain, beckoned him into a back room and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot. "Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet, but I'm going to the diggings, and should like to know the value of such a lump before I start." Perhaps it is needless to record that the goldsmith did not ask him to call on his return from the diggings.

THE FIELD MOUSE.—The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him, wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MASHER."—The annexed note is published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which it was addressed more learnedly than exactly: "It may interest some of your philological readers to know that the newly-imported slang word "masher," which has come to us from the United States, is of Gaelic origin—introduced into the country by the Irish immigration. It is derived from the Gaelic *maise*—pronounced *masher*, and signifies fine, handsome, elegant, and was originally applied in derison to a dandy—a *petit maitre*. It is the exact equivalent of a beau, an elegant, in which sense it is employed by thousands who use it vulgarly, without suspicion of its appropriateness or antiquity."

SUSPICIOUSNESS OF WOLVES.—It is fortunate for the traveler that the wolf is one of the most suspicious animals in existence, in connection with any object with which its eyes, nose or ears are unaccustomed. A stick planted in the earth with some fluttering piece of linen tied to it is often sufficient to preserve the carcass of a slain buffalo or deer for the hunter. When a Siberian finds his sleigh pursued by wolves, he very frequently fastens a coat or some piece garment to a piece of string, and tows it behind. So suspicious are the wolves of this novel object that this is often sufficient to keep them from advancing ahead. When trapped the sensation of confinement seems to deprive this ravenous animal of its native vigor and energy, and it has been known passively to allow itself to be dragged from the trap to meet its fate.

MARRIAGE.—Love before wedlock is exceedingly unfashionable in Japan. Only the people in the low classes are acquainted with and see each other frequently before marriage. The business of selection, betrothal, and marriage, is attended to by the parents or friends of the pair, who carry on negotiations by means of a third factor, a middle man, or go-between. Children are often betrothed at birth, or when on their nurses' backs (there are no cradles in Japan). Of course, the natural results, mutual dislike, and severance of the engagement at mature age, or love and happy marriage, or marriage, mutual dislike, and subsequent divorce, happen, as the case may be. In general, when the parents make the betrothal of grown-up children, it is not probable that the feelings of son or daughter are outraged, or that marriages are forced against the consent of either, though this does sometimes take place. In Asiatic countries, where obedience to parents is the first and last duty, and in which no higher religion than filial obedience exists, the betrothal and marriage of children is not looked upon as anything strange.

THROWING THE HATCHET.—In the fourteenth century, the situation of public executioner of the city of Florence became vacant; and as it was a place of considerable emolument there were three candidates. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broad-sword struck terror in the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising, held in his hand a short hatchet, and when the victim approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner, and if he could swim well? On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring on his feet and cross the river. The executioner then, putting on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect, that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable incident, the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY E. E.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh how still!
To my feet, the river giideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
But the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a barque.
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be,
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around,
Countless voices rise to cheer me,
From the ground.
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine.
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging, boat-like, as 'twould woo me,
Far away.
And the stars bend from the azure,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me!

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

EVAN Lloyd waited impatiently for the close of the service, and then making some excuse for not going home with his family, as had been his custom of late, he lingered near the porch until Farmer Herbert, his wife, and daughter appeared.

But his patience was doomed to be severely tried on that memorable morning.

A group of the villagers and peasants were assembled, discussing eagerly the sermon of the new clergyman.

Farmer Herbert, who was looked to as a great authority in such matters, was eagerly appealed to when he emerged from the porch.

"He's a grand preacher, any way," was the farmer's dictum.

"But I'd like to know him better before I give my judgment.

"I like the look of the young man very much.

"He's got a nice sensible face and kindly voice.

"I think we shall find him as good as ever Mr. Dalton was, and that's saying a good deal."

"And he's twice as handsome, and half his age," put in the merry daughter of a neighboring farmer.

"But there's no chance for any one when Miss Lloyd and Winifred Herbert are in the way.

"But where is Winifred, Mrs. Herbert?"

Winifred had disappeared during the little colloquy, and Evan Lloyd was likewise nowhere to be seen.

Perhaps he would not have ventured on so suspicious a coincidence had he been cooler and more prudent.

But for the moment he was scarcely master of himself.

"Winifred," he began, the instant they were out of sight and hearing, "where did you see that man before?"

"What man, dear Evan?"

"Don't be a simpleton, Winifred, or attempt to trifle with me," said Evan.

"I mean that fellow, that parson, of course."

"What do you know about him?"

"Very little, dear Evan; I might say, nothing.

"I did not even know his name until today."

"But you have met him, Winifred, or how came you to color and look so foolish when you first saw him, and he dared to ——"

"Hush, hush, dear Evan!

"There is nothing to be so vexed about.

"It was a pure accident.

"Only—only—I was rather ashamed, and did not like to tell you or any one else."

"But I insist on knowing what has occurred to give that fellow a right to look at you as he did when he saw you?" exclaimed Evan, his brow growing still darker.

"Dear Evan, don't blame him," said Winifred; "'tis all my fault.

"I felt myself color, and I daresay he saw it, and that made him pity me and be sorry.

"It was only kindness, I am certain."

"You are certainly very zealous for him," said Evan, moodily.

"However, I shall judge for myself when you have told me the truth."

"Well, then, dear Evan, it was last summer, before I came home for the holidays, and—and met you.

"It was very hot, and one or two of the elder girls and I used to be allowed to go and bathe early in the mornings when no one was about.

"And one morning it happened somehow that I turned faint while I was in the water, and began to sink, and then the other girls tried to save me, and screamed violently when they saw I was only pulling them down.

"Just when I was quite losing my senses some one—I did not know who—plunged into the water, and caught hold of me and brought me to land.

"When I came quite to myself, he went off so quickly that I could not thank him, and I never saw him till to-day."

"And that man was this parson?" said Evan.

"Why, a dog would have done the same."

"Very likely.

"But there was no dog near," said Winifred, trying to smile.

"Well, well," said Evan, "there's nothing to make a fuss about.

"I daresay, if you don't say anything about it, the man himself will have sense enough to keep quiet.

"And remember, Winifred, it is my positive command that you keep him at a distance.

"I shall be exceedingly annoyed if there is any absurd report, or any folly on your part.

"If he gives me cause, I shall soon know how to deal with him."

"Dearest Evan, how can you speak so cruelly?—as if I could possibly think of any one but you, even if you had not the right of——"

"Well, well, that's enough," interrupted Evan.

"I wish you would not harp on that, Winifred.

"One never knows who may be in earing, and I have the right to expect that my wishes will be attended to, and I warn you I shall be seriously displeased at the slightest imprudence on your part."

"I will be careful, indeed I will," she replied.

"Don't doubt your little Winny, dear Evan.

"You know too well you are the whole world to her."

Evan looked half mollified, half annoyed, at the loving, submissive words.

It would have been difficult to resist so young and lovely a creature in her sweet gentleness, and he stooped down and kissed her fair cheek.

"Well, well, darling," said he, "I don't doubt you.

"But it needs more care and watchfulness than you can imagine to avoid scandal or curiosity in such a place as this."

"I wish it was over, and this wretched concealment at an end," said the young girl, with a deep sigh.

"Surely it need not be much longer, dear Evan?"

"I cannot tell," he replied; "it depends on circumstances over which I have no control.

"But the less we think and talk of it at present, the better.

"Now I had better leave you, Winny, and go through the wood by the blackthorn to The Grange.

"And you return home, as if you had merely been strolling in the meadows after service.

"Don't, on any account, say I have been with you."

She received his parting embrace, and took her way to the farm slowly and sadly.

All this deception was so foreign to her pure nature!

Oh, why had she ever entangled herself in such a web?

How would it end?

How did she deserve it should end?

Winifred was absorbed in these reflections, when a shadow on the sunny path caught her attention, and, looking up, she saw the curate approaching from an opposite direction.

He lifted his hat, and greeted her with kind, grave courtesy.

"I think you remember me," he said, "or I should not presume to recall our former meeting.

"But as you are one of my parishioners, I am strongly tempted to claim acquaintance on the strength of that fortunate rencontre."

"Fortunate for me," said Winifred, blushing deeply.

"You saved my life, Mr. Thornton, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for it.

"It was too easy a service to merit thanks," he replied.

"I hope you did not suffer from the fright."

"Oh no," she replied; "but I never liked to say anything about it at home—and ——"

"You wish me to be as prudent when I have the pleasure of knowing your friends," said the young curate.

"Depend on it, your wishes shall be law to me in this matter, Miss——"

"Winifred Herbert is my name," she said, simply.

"My father is the tenant of Llanover Farm, and the owner of some part of the land he holds with it.

"This is my home."

There was a pretty air of dignity in the way with which the young girl thus announced herself and her father's position, which half-amused, half-captivated the young curate.

It was an unconscious compliment to himself that she should wish him to distinguish her from the common type of farmers' daughters in his parish, and he appreciated it as such.

"I shall have the pleasure of calling on your parents, miss, and making your acquaintance in a more ceremonious way," said he.

"Till then, I shall try to forget that we are not strangers."

Again lifting his hat, the young curate walked rapidly in another direction from the one in which Winifred was going.

She was too young and inexperienced to understand the dangerous bond which the possession of the most trifling mutual secret induces between two persons of different sexes, nor the impossibility of averting the unreasonableness of selfish and causeless jealousy.

And thus, poor girl, she congratulated herself on the caution on her own part and ready tact on that of the young clergyman, which had prevented any mischief from the former acquaintance between them being suddenly exposed.

During dinner she managed to listen to, and even take part in, the discussion as to the merits of the new-comer.

"Maybe he'll be a chance for Miss Lucy," remarked Mrs. Herbert.

"There are not over many in these parts who are fit matches for a Lloyd, and Miss Lucy's getting marriageable now."

"You are right, wife," said the farmer.

"Mr. Evan can go out in the world and please himself in a wife, as no doubt he will but 'tis not the same thing with his sister; and if Mr. Thornton's what he seems, I hope you may be a true prophet.

"But 'tis strange how you women are always thinking of marriage as soon as two persons come together."

Winifred had colored deeply during this speech, but from what cause the good farmer could not decide, though he noticed the unusual flush on his daughter's cheek.

"Come, come, Winny pet, I did mean you when I spoke," said her father.

"I believe you're as innocent as a child, and with as little concealment, in all these matters.

"I don't think my child would keep a thought from her father when it comes to her turn to have sweethearts and such dangerous playthings."

This was too much.

The girl burst into tears, threw herself into her father's arms, and clung to him in a passion of remorseful grief.

"Why, what ails my flower?" he exclaimed.

"What did I say to vex you, my little one?

"She can't be well, wife; you must see to her more carefully."

"Stuff and nonsense!" returned his wife.

"It is only just what might be expected after all that schooling.

"I makes girls fanciful and good for nothing.

"I don't know what's come to young folks now-a-days, with all this crying and hysterics, and nerves, as they call it.

"I wonder where nerves were when I was young."

The good woman's deeds were more thoughtful and kindly than her words.

For while grumbling out this tirade against modern education and nerves in general, and her daughter's mistaken bringing up in particular, she had hurried to a cupboard where her cordials, preserves and pickles were kept, and producing a small bottle, administered a dose to the still weeping girl.

"There, there, give her to me, husband," said she.

"You only make her worse; she had better lie down a bit."

"Better come into the open air and see the works of God.

"That's the best thing to make one forget oneself," said the farmer.

"Go and put on your hat, my child, and we will walk along the river-side, and learn faith and trust in Him who makes even the land and water and the dumb creatures so beautiful and good for man to look upon."

The young girl obeyed, and in a few minutes she was quietly walking with her father and listening to his quiet soothing tones.

"Winny, my child," he said, gently, "now that you are near to woman's estate, you must learn to control yourself; learn to trust in God, Winny love, and try to do right in His sight, and then you need fear nothing.

"Nothing but a sense of wrong can make us weak and timid.

"Young and timid as you are, you can yet do your duty, and be stronger than the most powerful, who have not faith in their Maker, and the pure, stainless conscience which my sweet child will, I trust, always preserve."

Oh, how Winifred longed to cast herself on her father's neck and confess all, and place herself at his disposal, under his kind wise guidance!—but her promise, and the vague but instinctive fear of Evan's deep and lasting anger if she betrayed the secret restrained the impulse, and she missed the one turning moment of her life which, if rightly used, would have saved her and others such deep and terrible suffering in after days.

The good farmer strove gently to draw his daughter into the contemplation of the familiar but lovely scenes around them, till the smile returned to her lip and the color to her cheek.

With the happy buoyancy of early youth, she began to hope and look forward to the termination of her present fears and anxieties.

"Never, never," she thought, "will I have another secret from my dear beloved father.

"Not even for Evan himself would I incur such misery and such a weight of wrong on my heart.

"If I may but be forgiven for this one fault, and escape its just punishment, I will not offend again for any temptation."

Alas! alas! how many have vowed and wept and repented in the hour of sorrow, who had not courage to resist when the hour of trial came.

Winifred Herbert was young, and pure-hearted, and true.

She had yet to learn the weakness of her own nature, and the bitter and inevitable punishment of one false step.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was a small, badly furnished room, in one of those red-brick houses which seem by right prescriptive to be the residence of lawyers and doctors in third-rate country towns.

The carpet was faded and worn, the chairs hard black horse-hair, while a dining-table covered by a shabby stained red cloth, was littered with dilapidated school-books, inked desks, and broken slates, which appeared to have been just pushed carelessly into a heap on the conclusion of the morning's studies.

Henry Allnutt sat moodily in an uneasy arm-chair, the presumed throne of authority in that wretched apartment, staring vacantly at a Latin exercise, which he was supposed to be correcting in readiness for his pupils' afternoon studies.

But the pen lay idly on the desk before him, and his eyes rested on the page in perfect unconsciousness whether the words were English or Greek, or Latin, which was their actual proper language.

"No answer" he murmured; "no answer, and full a week since I wrote.

"He fancies himself secure; able to scorn and disregard my 'humble' petition, till it suits him to throw me the aid I ask, as if I were a dog, to pick up the crumbs of his insolent bounty.

"But he is mistaken.

"If he goes too far it shall be war to the knife between us.

"And if I am ruined—disgraced—he shall share the same fate to the utmost."

A sharp ring at the bell, peculiar to the traveling postman where knockers are unknown, made the young man start and listen eagerly for the result of the day's delivery.

He had been too often disappointed to go to the door now, as he had done many times before, only to meet the half-jeering reply of the servant, "Letter for you?—Oh dear no!"

But he fancied he heard his own name as the letter was given in.

After some moments' delay, steps were heard approaching, and the door was flung rudely open by the country lass, who naturally copied the tone of her superiors towards the "tutor."

"Here, I've brought you a letter at last.

"Now I hope you won't bother me any more every time the postman rings."

Allnutt scarcely heard her.

He was hurriedly tearing open the letter he had almost snatched from the girl's hand, when a slip of paper fell out.

He hastily picked it up.

It was an order for ten pounds.

He uttered an impatient exclamation, and turned to the letter, which ran thus:

"DEAR ALLNUTT:—I have kept my word, and if you are tolerably sane, your fortune is made.

"I have procured you a situation at the Cape as tutor, at the handsome salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum: but, in order to clinch the matter, you must strictly carry out my directions.

"Send me a letter, stating that you are ready to start with the next mail, but that, to do so, you cannot get a single day's leave of absence.

"Enclose some testimonials—no matter how you get them, you are tolerably clever at that sort of thing—and add as much balderdash as you can make up for inspection.

"You understand.

"The fact is, the governor wants you here, and of course that is not to be thought of.

"In a year or two, when I'm all right and you are in orders, I don't doubt I can manage something in the Church.

"If you keep faith with me, we will then balance accounts.

"But you know me, Allnutt.

"I should prove an ugly creditor if you fail in your engagements.

"But there, I need not speak more plainly.

"Let me have the squire's 'vouches' in two or three days.

"The inclosed will meet present exigencies.

"Of course you will want an advance for outfit and passage, which I shall feel bound to manage.

"Yours faithfully (as matters turn out),
EVAN LLOYD."

Once, twice, three times did the young man read over this letter, and each perusal seemed to deepen the indignant frown on his broad, deeply marked brow.

"I see it all, the whole scheme.

"Once away, and he will do as he pleases and I shall be powerless at that distance; unable to return for long months, perhaps years.

"Twelve months since, and I should have hailed this offer as a godsend—a deliverance.

"But now it is an insult, a gentlemanly transportation till all danger is past, and I

once more in his power, with no counterbalancing check.

"Balance accounts!

"Perhaps we may some day, in a very different manner from what he expects!"

Long and deeply did Henry Allnutt think over that skilfully written letter.

Good and evil, fear, and the manly courage which was not yet dead within him, resentment, pity, honor, and the natural shrinking from the disgrace which hung over him like a sword, succeeded each other in his struggling heart during the honor which yet remained before his unpromising pupils would return for the hopeless task of instruction.

At last the struggle seemed over, the resolution taken.

"That will be best," he thought.

"I will serve her if I can.

"But it would only bring certain misery on her, perhaps a broken heart and an early grave, if I provoked him now.

"I can befriend her in the hour of need, and I will; but not yet—not now."

Allnutt turned to the long-neglected exercise, and with wonderful self-control collected his thoughts for his usual duties, and for the rest of the afternoon appeared to forget the occurrence which would probably affect his whole future life.

Days passed on, days of intense anxiety and suspense for the expectant.

The long-due rent was paid.

The scant meal had improved in quality and quantity, and the threadbare coat was replaced by one more in accordance with old days.

The haggard face and restless eyes bore no signs of the improvement in his exterior.

He knew Evan well enough to be assured that failure would be attributed to some oversight on his part.

And that to secure silence and safety on the past the long-suspended blow might now possibly fall.

Day after day went on; the postman either passed by, or the ring was only the herald of renewed disappointment; and when a week had elapsed the suspense grew so unbearable that Allnutt determined to hazard another and more peremptory demand for help and "justice," as he inwardly worked his mind to consider it.

He had actually, on this the eighth day from his reply, seized a pen after the conclusion of his day's labors, and had traced two or three indignant lines, when the door-bell rang once more with a yet more violent peal than the orthodox postman pull, and the pen dropped from his hand as a well-known voice fell on his ears—"Is Mr. Allnutt in?"

"Yes, do you want him?" responded the half-frightened, half-astonished handmaiden.

"Show me to him at once, if you please."

The tone was not to be resisted.

Allnutt heard the street-door shut violently, and a quick, firm step approach, almost preceding Molly's heavy tread.

"A gentleman for you, Mr. Allnutt," said the girl, awed into civility by the evident quality of the guest she was announcing.

The next moment Evan Lloyd entered, with the frank smile and hearty tone he could assume at pleasure.

"Well, old fellow, did you think I'd forgotten you?" he said, cheerily, as he met Allnutt's rather cool greeting.

"It certainly looked rather like it," replied the tutor, briefly.

"You're wrong," said Evan.

"I never forget anything; but it has been a ticklish business.

"My governor was strangely perverse and suspicious, and I was just as obstinate.

"I believe I only gained my point at last by writing and 'receiving' most moral and satisfactory letters from old Powell at 'Worcester.'

"That seemed to settle the matter.

"Now you are the elected tutor of Colonel Willmott's hopeful son, on condition that you remain three years, that is, until he attains the mature age of fifteen, when you and he are to return together.

"No bad post, eh, old fellow?"

The tutor was silent.

It was the realization of hopes in past years, a termination to much misery and hardship.

But yet he felt full well it was bondage, exile, the price of enforced dishonor—a shield from threatened disgrace and punishment.

"He could not feel grateful or thankful for that.

"What's up, Allnutt?" said Evan.

"You look as glum as if I had come to announce a very different sort of voyage, and one more distant and more permanent in character."

"Take care," said Allnutt, and his grey eyes flashed fiercely; "don't push me too far, Evan Lloyd, or I swear I will risk all rather than submit to your taunts and tyranny, and, what's more, connive at your ——"

"My what?" interrupted Evan.

"Pray don't mince words, Mr. Allnutt. You spoke of taunts just now; perhaps I might return the charge if I were very thin-skinned."

"This is idle recrimination, Lloyd, more fit for women or fools than men," said Allnutt, who had now regained his self-possession.

"This matter is plain enough, and 'tis no use veiling it under false colors.

"I understand you, and you may, if you choose, easily understand me."

"I thought I did," said Evan; "but you are rather eccentric to-day; and I, it appears, am dull at enigmas."

"It is simple enough," replied Allnutt, scornfully.

"You want to get me out of the way, while apparently doing me a kindness, and expect me to play the grateful and unconscious. I have little choice, perhaps, with the chain you hold round my neck, but I am not to be led blindfolded; and, what is more to the purpose, I do not mean to become a greater villain than I am."

"Upon my honor I don't understand you," said Evan; "I can't see what villiany there is in the post I have got for you with so much trouble. You must be mad or drunk, Allnutt."

"I was both once," replied the young man, bitterly, "but I am in my right senses now, though I sometimes wish I was not.

"You know well enough what I mean, Lloyd; but, if you like, I will speak more plainly.

"I will not be accessory to any foul play to that helpless, innocent girl, your lawful wife."

"My lawful wife!" smiled Evans, scornfully; "well, perhaps she may be some day.

"Whether she is at present, no one knows better than yourself."

"And I say she is," returned Allnutt, warmly; "and, what is more, I will protect her against any villiany."

"My dear fellow, you are most charmingly Quixotic in your ideas," said Evan; "but allow me to offer one little bit of advice; charity begins at home, and so do courage and philanthropy.

"First take care of yourself, and leave my little Winnifred to me."

"Willingly, said Allnutt, "if you assure me, on your honor, that you will fulfill the obligations you have solemnly taken on yourself; but on no other condition will I do so."

Evan had hitherto preserved a cool, sarcastic tone of calm superiority, but his face now changed to a look of fierce and deep-seated anger.

"Hark you, Allnutt," he said; "I did not wish to recall the past, or threaten for the future; but I warn you to abstain from meddling in my affairs, or a prison, and it may be a rope, may chance to silence any interference on your part."

Allnutt was prepared for this outbreak, and he met it without flinching.

"And what will be your position if I make known your past deeds, Evan Lloyd?

"It seems to me that you have more to lose than I have.

"You have name, fortune, family, and friends at stake; a reputation which will be utterly blasted; prospects that will be ruined by such a revelation.

"Look at me! Poor, houseless, and deserted, a pauper at home, or an exile in a foreign land.

"It seems to me, Lloyd, I have but small ties to life and liberty."

"And who would believe the word of a man—the——"

Evan leant forward and whispered the next word, and Allnutt involuntarily shuddered.

"There is another who would confirm the tale: plenty of proofs of its truth," said Allnutt, striving to maintain the firmness on which all depended.

"Who could, but who would not," said Evan.

"And you would take advantage of that innocent trust, that angelic unselfishness?" said Allnutt, bitterly. "Evan Lloyd, there is not a greater scoundel unhung than a man who would be so base ——"

Allnutt expected a new outburst of rage, but Evan's humor took a different turn.

He laughed outright, though there was a bitter, unnatural tone in his mirth.

"'Pon my word, Allnutt," said he, "you have missed your vocation; you should have been a tragic actor or a detective officer; the latter perhaps, would have suited you best.

"But when you have done with your heroics and your uncalled-for meddling, which I would not brook from any living man but you, I will honor your folly enough to show you that you have more of the fool than I of the 'scoundel' in me, so far as our present conversation is concerned."

"I will be content if you can prove it," was the unmoved reply.

"That I will soon do," said Evan. "I told you that I did not consider Winifred Herbert my lawful wife, which is but a reasonable statement, a simple fact on my part, as no one knows better than yourself.

"May I ask what cause there is for your sublime burst of indignation at that plain assertion?"

Allnutt's lips moved; he seemed about to say something which was of no small import, to judge from the expression of his speaking face and the eager gesture which accompanied it.

But he changed his intention, and said, quietly, "Go on, what next?"

"I have little to add to what I told you at Wrexham," replied Evan.

"I said then that I did not think it possible or prudent to avow openly my attachment to Winifred, and that I wished to combine the advantages of a little further delay and of the settled tie of a supposed marriage.

"That is all: and I have not changed my mind since then.

"Why should you be so absurdly strait-laced and matter-of-fact in your magnanimous indignation?"

"Simply because it is now nearly a twelvemonth since your marriage," replied Allnutt; "you are fairly established in your new occupation, and to be plain with you, I don't understand why you are so bent on getting one of the principal witnesses of your marriage out of the way."

"My marriage!" exclaimed Evan, with a scornful smile.

"Well," he added, carelessly, "there's little use cavilling at words.

"If you have no better reason than that for quarrelling with a man who has been a better friend to you than any one on earth, and who has obtained for you a comfortable appointment in a very decent colony, I say again, you are more of a fool than a rogue, even on your own showing."

Allnutt looked full at him; there was no flinching in his deep gray eyes, nor one trace of weakness or conscious folly in his stern features.

"Evan Lloyd," said he, "you cannot deceive me; and it is as well to tell you so plainly.

"I read precisely your present tactics.

"You have not made up your mind as to your future conduct, and till something decides you, it is convenient not to acknowledge even to yourself that you are bound by every tie of honor to Miss Herbert, and also to get rid of me as a troublesome witness who might not choose to stand quietly by and see an innocent girl wronged."

Evan made no reply, save by a half-suppressed "Indeed!"

"It only remains, therefore, for me to decide whether I will go, or not," continued Allnutt'

"Precisely," said Evan; "for once we are agreed."

"Supposing I accept this situation," said Allnutt, "will you then give up what you hold?"

"Certainly not," replied Evan.

"You must think me either very green or very self-sacrificing to dream of such a thing," he added, scornfully. "No, no, my fine fellow, that's a little too strong."

"And you intend to hold that over me all my life?" asked Allnutt.

"If so, I decline to accede to your schemes.

"As well be killed at once as live in torture.

"Therefore I will not go."

Evan knew Henry Allnutt well, and he perfectly comprehended the tone and look which accompanied these words.

It would not do to push a desperate man too far.

"You are too hasty, man," said he.

"I never said I would hold that over you for life; but I must ensure my own freedom and safety before I give you yours.

"Two sides to every compact, you know; and I'm not unreasonable, though I don't choose to run myself into a corner.

"You're tolerably sure that I shall not destroy my own character by damaging yours, so long as you are at Colonel Willmott's on my recommendation.

"Long before your time is up there, my plans will be matured; and then I pledge you my word we will come to terms.

"Doesn't that satisfy you?"

"'Satisfy' is a word that can scarcely apply to my present position, Lloyd," returned the young man.

"All that I am likely to get from you is an extension of the chain that binds me.

"However, be it so; I will wait the time you name; but mind, not a day longer.

"I shall risk all then, rather than remain in this bondage."

Evan's eyes flashed with evident relief at the reply, and he eagerly drew forth a pocket-book, from which he took some notes and a paper.

"There, Allnutt," said he, "that's the needful for your outfit, and your passage will be taken in the October mail steamer.

"All that is necessary will be for you to sign this paper, engaging to remain with Colonel Willmott for three years, on consideration of the expense of passage and outfit being paid."

Allnut seized the paper, glanced rapidly over it, and signed his name.

"There, 'tis done," said he, "and you feel safe for the next three years, Evan Lloyd; but mark me," he added, emphatically, "if you injure the woman, either in word or deed, whom you swore to love and protect, it shall come down on your head like thunderbolt, and when you least expect it. Remember, a caged tiger is sometimes more dangerous than one that is free."

"At any rate, he can show his teeth," laughed Evan, carelessly; "a very harmless indulgence, certainly.

"And now, after this stirring little episode, suppose we adjourn to the inn and have some dinner."

"I have dined, thank you," was the stiff reply.

"Hum, on salt herrings and a potato, I imagine, to judge from the aspect of things" returned Evan. "However, as you please; I shall be at Southampton on the fifth to wish you good-bye and a pleasant voyage."

"And to take care that I am fairly shipped off," said Allnutt, bitterly; "till then I wish you good-day.

"We are not likely to court each other's society after what has passed; henceforth our ways lie in very different directions."

Evan nodded and carelessly lounged from the room and the house, while Allnutt rested his head on his hand, and gave himself up to deep and gloomy thought.

"I will not give her up," he muttered.

"I will do something before I leave this country to guard her from treachery; but how?

"She is not to be trusted; young, loving, and gentle as she is, it would be useless to give her weapons she would never use against the man she loved.

"No.

"I must keep the chain in my own hands.

"If I could but see her, and make her promise to apply to me in trouble, I should then feel more at ease; but the time is short, and he will be keen enough till I'm off.

"However, I must see; perhaps a chance might arise which I do not expect; if not, there is but one way left."

Allnutt gathered up the notes, and then proceeded to the private room of his patron (?) to inform him of the approaching change in his arrangements, and request him to procure another wretched slave to endure the starvation, and insult, and thankless labor which was the liberal reward for the exertions of Mr. Lawson's hapless tutors.

Three days after their interview, another brief note, in Evan's well-known writing, was put into Henry Allnutt's hands.

I ran thus:—

"DEAR ALLNUTT,—The *Athens* is quite full—must wait till November. If you want funds to enable you to wait, let me know. I shall, of course, make the same arrangements as proposed for October, and you will keep the appointment without fail. Remember, I advise you to remain where you are till you start. In any case let me know your address. I shall expect it; you understand me, and I you.

"Yours faithfully,

EVAN LLOYD."

As he concluded the letter, Allnutt's dark face actually lighted up with a momentary flash of pleasure.

"A reprieve!" he muttered.

"One more opportunity, and it shall be used.

"He may chance to find himself outwitted yet.

"Remain here.

"Yes, my address will be here; and so—well, well, I must arrange well and carefully, or all may fail even now.

"Let me see—yes—yes, that may do.

"Money will do anything, and he offers that freely enough.

"I must take it, but not for myself—not for myself."

He took his hat, and leaving the house in which he had recently taken a more comfortable lodging, walked to an humble cottage outside the village, where he remained for the next half hour in close consultation with one of its tenants.

It was apparently satisfactory; for Allnutt's step was firm and assured, and his head was more erect than usual, when he emerged from the low door, and returned slowly and thoughtfully to his temporary home.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was a gloomy afternoon; more like the middle of November, and a dark foggy November too, than its actual date of the twenty-eighth of October.

There had been a heavy cloud like a pall over the sky all day, and a dense thick fog began to gather like a cloak round the village and neighborhood of Llanover.

"Where is Winifred, wife?" asked Farmer Herbert, when he came in to the early four-o'clock tea.

"She went up to the Grange after dinner, and said she wouldn't be long," replied Mrs. Herbert.

"But 'tis just as I always said—she'll never be worth a farthing after all that schooling, gadding about like this, when there's the damson juice wants boiling again because she didn't give it time enough last week.

"Always hankering after Miss Lucy, instead of helping her mother."

The farmer had paid little heed to this tirade—he was looking anxiously from the window.

"Wife," said he, "I think I shall go and meet our girl.

"It is getting too dark for her to be out alone."

"Stuff and nonsense, Llewellyn Herbert!" exclaimed his wife.

"Why, she's safe at the Grange, I'll be bound, chattering away with Miss Lucy, or idling her time at the piano.

"Here's as fine a slice of broiled ham as I ever took from the pan in my life; and you may thank your stars you married a woman that had been brought up to some sensible purpose, and none of your fine ladies, like our Winifred's getting."

The husband reluctantly yielded to the combined force of his wife's arguments and the tempting dish she had taken so much pains to prepare, and sat down to the well-covered table with an anxious heart, and forced cheerfulness of manner.

He was just replying to his wife's questions as to the facts of an unusually late field of corn, when a rapid step and loud knock at the door startled the couple, and sent the farmer in an instant to the threshold.

He opened the assailed door, and saw, to his inexpressible terror, the pale figure of the new curate, with the insensible form of Winifred in his arms.

"My child—my darling! what has happened?" he groaned, snatching his daughter eagerly from the clergyman's hold.

"Nothing to alarm you, I trust," replied Mr. Thornton, his own voice trembling with agitation.

"Miss Herbert has been frightened by some rascal, and has fainted, and I thought it best to bring her at once to your house, even at the risk of alarming you and Mrs. Herbert."

The farmer had by this time hurried into the room where they had been sitting, and laid the insensible girl on a large couch by the blazing fire; and while the mother is alternately lamenting and attempting to restore her child to life, we will give a more lucid account of the accident than either the sufferer or her escort could manage to do.

Winifred had left the Grange before the sudden access of fog and darkness, in spite

of the kind entreaties of its host that she should remain for the evening.

"Mr. Thornton and Evan will dine here, and can escort you home," observed Lady Lloyd.

"Do stay, Winny, pet, I want you to sing to Mr. Thornton," pleaded Lucy; "he is so found of music and I have a wretched cold."

But Winifred was firm; she said her parents would be alarmed, and (little hypocrite!) that Mr. Thornton would not care to hear her after Lucy; and at last she set off, thickly wrapped up by Lady Lloyd's maternal care in a thick Welsh blanket shawl.

She walked faster and faster as the fog grew dense and thick, and began at last to wish she had either left earlier, or accepted the invitation to remain; for, in spite of her familiarity with the way, she could hardly distinguish her right path in the gloomy obscurity

She had arrived at a corner where the road branched off into three paths, one leading to her home, another to the parsonage and church, and a third to the Mill Bridge.

Bewildered and terrified by the loneliness and extreme darkness that surrounded her, she stood, uncertain which was her right road, when a quick, heavy step came near her, and a voice whispered hoarsely, "Winifred—Miss Herbert—is it you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED)

LORD de Gretton was the first to speak, first glancing at Arthur, his cold glittering eyes scanning the handsome face and upright soldier-figure in a superciliously appraising fashion that at any other moment would have made the young man's quick blood tingle.

He crossed over to his wife's side, and said abruptly—

"Lady de Gretton, you will follow me."

He spoke with the abrupt harshness of a master addressing a slave who had fallen under his displeasure.

But no answering flush arose on the wife's pale face.

Harshness and gentleness were one to her now.

The worst that could come to her had come.

She was alike past fear and hope.

She did not, even by a deeper-drawn breath or the quiver of an eyelid, give any sign that she had heard her lord's command or intended to obey it.

She stood like one turned to stone, staring out over the wide waste of water, from which the last touch of sunlight had fled.

"Will you come?" Lord de Gretton muttered grimly.

The light of the sunken eyes grew more and more dangerously cruel.

He bent his head till his gray moustache swept the soft girlish face, and whispered with hissing emphasis in the small ear, "Are you mad, to defy me now?"

She shivered slightly, drew a pace or two away, and for the last time her eyes sought Arthur Beaupre's in wild and pitiful appeal.

The look pierced Lord de Gretton's armor of cool self-possession and stung him to jealous fury.

He knew that the girl he had wooed and won brought him no love as her marriage dowry.

So much she had frankly told him from the first, and the confession had but made him the more determined that she should be his.

He was so used to be wooed that the girl's unfeigned reluctance to accept his wooing gave her a novel and piquant attraction in his sight.

He had heard the whole story of her first unhappy love from Cristine Singleton's truthful lips, and could afford generously to overlook the fact of a dead lover.

But now was the lover really dead, or was Nora doubly false?

The suave polish of his manner covered brutal nature, and in the rare moments of agitation he permitted himself the brutality rose to the surface, as now.

He seized the slender wrist with cruel force, and swung the girl round with a savage suddenness that wrung a passionate word from Arthur Beaupre's lips and a wild cry from hers—

"Arthur, Arthur, save me—save me from him!"

Then, and not till then, Arthur Beaupre broke the silence so hardly maintained.

He came forward, very white and stern-looking, and stood before the cruelly-united pair, his worn young beauty a sharp and terrible contrast to the jealous age confronting him.

How fervently he prayed that the right words might come to him now, that he might close, not widen the breach between these two, and help, not harm, the unhappy girl for whom his heart bled!

"Hush, Nora!" he said almost sternly, though he would have given his life to speak one word of comfort in her ear, to drive the dreadful frenzied look from her dark eyes.

Then, turning to Lord de Gretton, he said eagerly, with all his honest heart in the words—

"Lord de Gretton, permit me to explain all that seems strange to you now ——"

But Lord de Gretton cut the sentence short.

Wheeling round upon his heel, he stared insolently into the frank blue eyes, and said slowly, with a sneer, while he twisted the ends of his long gray moustache into sharp points—

"So you will have it then—will thrust yourself into the foreground, and be seen!

"Your companion has little cause to thank you.

"I wished to ignore Lady de Gretton's escapade, to close my eyes to the awkward fact that my wife, on her wedding-day, wandered out at sunset to entertain her old lover.

"But you will let me."

Clear, cold, and cruel, each word fell with sharp distinctness, and stung, as it was intended to sting, not the pale girl round whose overwrought brain a merciful mist was gathering, who heard all that was said in a dull uncomprehending fashion, as though it concerned her not at all—not Nora, but the man who would—how gladly!—have died to defend her.

"For shame!" he cried, with a hearty ringing scorn that would to a more generous opponent have been a convincing proof of his honesty and good faith but only stung Lord de Gretton's pride sharply, and moved him to a more implacable hate.

"Oh"—Arthur flung back his bright head, impatient of his own halting utterance—

"Where shall I find the words to convince you, if your own knowledge of her innocence and spotless purity be not enough?

"Nora; tell your husband how you met me here.

"For his sake and your own, do not leave him under an impression so cruelly false."

Nora started at the direct appeal, but only turned her eyes with a vague troubled stared from one to the other.

Her lips moved a little, but no sound came from them.

Arthur's heart sank within him.

Had her brain really turned with its weight of trouble?

Lord de Gretton broke in, with a jarring laugh—

"And they say female wits are quickest, female tongues most glib to explain away an awkward situation.

"The proverb fails here at any rate, Mr. ——"

"I am Arthur Beaupre," the young man said sadly.

"Well, Mr. Beaupre, Lady de Gretton still leaves the explanation of this scene to you.

"By-the-way, I think I have heard your name in connection with my wife's before."

"You have heard the true story of our past, no doubt," poor Arthur cried, his voice trembling with the passion he could not control—Lord de Gretton, doubly protected by his age and the fact that he was Nora's husband, had the impulsive passionate young soldier at a cruel disadvantage, and rejoiced in the fact with a savage and cowardly joy—"as you may hear the true story of our meeting now.

"Nora Bruce was once my promised wife.

"An hour ago I believed her so still, and she believed me dead—as I shall be to her henceforth.

"In the first shock of the sudden meeting she remembered only what had been, and—Heaven bless her for it!—rejoiced as Nora Bruce might have rejoiced that I was given back from the dead.

"Then, in a moment, she remembered you and her new duties, and—and we said good-bye!"

The pleasant full-toned voice faltered a little over the last words.

The blue eyes never wavered, nor shrank from Lord de Gretton's mocking and malignant glance.

Arthur's one thought now was to shield the miserable girl who was so manifestly incapable of taking her own part.

Some inner instinct warned him that Lord de Gretton's wife would have no easy path to tread.

And, since no earthly power could break the chain she had so rashly forged, he could only pity her with an intense unselfish pity and inwardly swear that he would do nothing to make her hard path harder still.

Lord de Gretton was a clever man of the world, quite keen enough to know truth from falsehood and see through the finest histrionic display.

He did not for an instant doubt that the man before him was speaking absolute truth, that Nora had believed him dead.

His conviction was anything but soothing to his pride.

Innocently or not, they had injured and aggrieved him, had wounded his sensitive vanity, and compelled him, the haughty and impassive Lord de Gretton, to play the ridiculous part of the gray-haired husband.

Jealous and deceived, he stared at Arthur Beaupre, his deeply-sunken eyes glittering angrily, his pale face actually flushing as he entertained the galling thought.

Could Lady Olivia but have known it, all wrongs were fully avenged in that moment of bitterest mortification.

To recognise a wrong was, with Lord de Gretton, to resolve to revenge it.

He ground his teeth together with savage energy, and vowed within himself that one of the offenders at least—the one who was helplessly and absolutely in his power—should receive exemplary punishment at his hands.

So, returning Arthur's eager beseeching look with a coolly insolent stare, he said, in slow drawling tones that fell with maddening distinctness on the young man's ear—

"I suppose, for my own sake, as well as for Lady de Gretton's, I had best accept this explanation.

"It is the true one.

"You cannot, dare not doubt it!" Arthur cried hotly, all the fiery pride he tried so hard for Nora's sake to curb to meekness flaming now from his bright blue eyes and ringing defiantly in the clear young voice.

"I have said I shall accept it," the other returned, with exaggerated emphasis and a cruel enjoyment of the pain he gave—"but upon certain conditions only."

He paused, looking keenly into the other's face, as awaiting a response.

Arthur merely bowed, not trusting himself to speak.

"First, you, or we, must leave the place at once.

"It is not large enough to hold the trio."

"I return to town to-night."

"Good.

"In the second place, you must promise that you will never seek Lady de Gretton's company again."

"Pardon me," the young man interrupted with uncontrollable haughtiness, "I have never sought Lady de Gretton's company.

"I believed the lady to be still Miss Bruce."

Lord de Gretton, twisting his gray moustache with elaborate care, listened with his most supercilious smile, as though gently tolerating an interruption that in no way influenced the predetermined current of his thoughts and speech.

"Just so," he said, with a nod of careless condescension that made Arthur's quick blood boil again.

"And, being better informed now, you will understand that your paths diverge widely from this moment and need never touch again."

"I understand," Arthur returned very coolly.

And, with a smile of quiet satisfaction, Lord de Gretton turned to his wife.

"Come, Nora," he said authoritatively, "it is time for us to go."

He lifted the little hand that hung so listlessly by her side, and drew it within his arm.

The contact chilled his fingers.

Death itself was not more icy or inert.

Nora neither resisted nor aided his efforts.

The only sign of life left in her blazed in the burning misery of her eyes.

Mechanically she permitted herself to be drawn towards the path she had descended ignorant of that last bitter drop still to mingle with her cup—mechanically, without another word or look, she would have passed the man who watched her with an intense and yearning pity that for the moment swallowed up all selfish pain.

But, crossing his path, Lord de Gretton paused abruptly, unable to deny himself a Parthian dart.

"As you two are old friends, and must part for ever," he said, with mocking emphasis—

"You may be allowed the luxury of a farewell word.

"Nay, Mr. Beaupre, you are most ungrateful.

"Few men in my position would show such magnanimity as this."

For something like a smothered execration broke at last from Arthur Beaupre's white lips.

He was heart-sick and weary of the fiendish cruelty with which this man revenged himself and revelled in his power to torture them.

With one look, eloquent of scorn and disgust, he would have turned away, merely bowing and not daring to trust himself to speak.

But at that moment, moved by some vague impulse, Nora raised her eyes to his, the lovely Irish gray eyes in whose clear truthful depths he had seen every thought and every fancy mirrored in the happy days gone by.

Where now were the innocent love, the innocent mirth, the gay girlish sparkle?

Something rose in his throat and seemed as though it would strangle him—something that mastered his manhood and brought a mist of tears to dim his vision as he met that blank, hopeless, lost, and miserable gaze.

Lost!

Yes, that thought sent the last worst pang of all to Arthur Beaupre's loyal and generous heart.

Rather would he have seen any intensity of conscious pain than the suggested frenzy of that gaze.

She did not seem to know, or rather she seemed to look through him, as though no object stood in her path.

Her widely-opened eyes were those of a sleep-walker, haunted by a torturing dream and utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her.

At any cost she must be aroused from her dangerous apathy.

Arthur took the cold little hand in his and spoke entreatingly—

"Nora, it is good-bye indeed this time.

"Heaven bless and shield you, and make you happy!"

She shivered slightly, and he saw her lips twitch.

She repeated the "good-bye!" mechanically, and her eyes never softened, though the tears stood thickly in his.

Lord de Gretton made an impatient gesture, and the spell that held Arthur Beaupre was broken.

Silently he drew back, and let the married pair pass him; silently he watched them as they made their way up the winding road, now vanishing, now reappearing, as they passed from terrace to terrace up the well-wooded height until they were lost to sight among the tall trees that closed in around the picturesque white house in which Lord de Gretton's honeymoon was to be spent.

Once only Nora turned her graceful head and looked back—and that look was destined to haunt Arthur Beaupre's fancy with cruel pertinacity for many and many a week to come—will haunt him with more or less of horror in the remembrance until he has done with earth and earthly things forever.

With a little shiver, for the night-air began to grow chill, and he was still weak from recent illness, Arthur pulled his soft hat down over his brows, drew up his coat collar, and, resolutely fixing his thoughts on the future and turning his back upon the scene of so much misery, made his way to the railway-station, and was soon on his way to London.

He had travelled incessantly lately, long and far that day; but, weak as he was, he seemed incapable of physical fatigue.

He tried to sleep; but his thoughts centred persistently in the place he had left, in the girl he had deserted in her misery.

The one fear that overrode all others in his thoughts was that Nora's brain would turn under the accumulating troubles that had come upon her.

He could endure to lose her, to see her happy with another, he thought, with a little tightening of the generous heart that could ignore its own sharp pain; but he had left her in merciless hands, and there had been something like the wild glare of madness in that last backward look.

"Heaven keep her safe and sane!" he cried again and again, with a sort of reverential passion, as he leant his aching head against the carriage window, and looked out with sad unseeing eyes on the soft beauty of the starlit summer night.

And, while the fervent prayer still echoed in his heart, Nora de Gretton knelt by her dead husband's side, with blood on her little white hands and on her pretty velvet dress, blood that ran in a long cruel stream along the white rug on which he had fallen—that followed a knife-thrust through his heart, and with which his life had ebbed away.

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW late the governor is this morning!" Cristine Singleton cried, looking up with a prolonged yawn from the letter she had been indifferently scanning as her mother came into the room.

"Is he not down-stairs yet?"

"What a question!" Mrs. Bruce answered, with a laugh, as she took her place at the well-spread breakfast-table, and eagerly turned the envelopes on her plate, only to put them aside with a disappointed—

"No letter from Vance again! What can the boy be doing?"

"Getting into mischief, of course!" Cristine said sharply.

"But never mind Vance, mother; I asked you whether the governor had come down."

"Of course he has—at least three hours ago: and glad enough I was to get rid of him, I assure you.

"I never saw a man in such a state of nervous excitement in my life.

"Really I think the wedding has turned his brain—he has done nothing but walk about the corridors declaring that something terrible had happened to Nora."

"To Nora!" Christine echoed, with a nervous attempt at a contemptuous laugh.

Had Mrs. Bruce chanced to glance at her daughter, she might have seen that the fair face grew suddenly pinched-looking and pale, and the light eyes had a frightened and guilty glitter.

Cristine Singleton, who was endowed with a singularly small amount of faith in Divine justice and mercy, was, on the other hand, most horribly superstitious, and placed abject trust in signs, portents, and warnings.

"Did—did the governor see anything?" she asked uncomfortably; Mrs Bruce looked up with an astonished stare from her housewifely task of measuring the orange pekoe into a silver tea-pot.

"Bless me, child, what should he see?

"You are as great a goose as he is.

"I declare you will ruin my nerves among you!" she cried, with a petlish laugh, but a consoling consciousness that her nerves were made of no such penetrable stuff, but were equal to any amount of friction.

"He did see at last that it was hardly fair to spoil my sleep, worn out as I was with a fatiguing day, because he could get none himself, and went down-stairs, where I have no doubt he found refuge in his precious books."

Cristine made no further comment: after all, it made little difference to her whether her step-father made his appearance or not.

She had plenty to occupy her thoughts, but unfortunately the food she herself had given them was less entirely sweet now than she had imagined it last night.

Then she had been entirely absorbed in the thought of the ample revenge she had taken upon the girl who had outshone her in every way.

With something like an intoxication of delight, she had pictured Nora opening her present and reading and re-reading the news it contained, pictured the utter horror of the bride of a day when her old lover rose before her triumphantly confident in her truth, and when she had to tell him that with her own hands she had raised up a barrier between them.

The little drama played out on the stage of Cristine's fancy had seemed entirely satisfactory and entertaining last night; amid thunders of applause the curtain had fallen upon a picturesque tableau of triumph and Nora's crushing defeat—the *denouement* had been pleasantly complete.

But somehow the brilliant picture faded a little in the colder morning light—disagreeable after-thoughts began to intrude on the girl's mind and fill her with selfish terrors.

Now that the intense and irritating jealousy that urged her on to any lengths and blinded her to all but the immediate consequences of her acts had passed into the back-ground she began to see with alarming sharpness some serious self-made difficulties in her path.

For what happened to Lady de Gretton she cared not one straw.

She knew how sure and cruel was the blow she had dealt; the victim might recover from it or die of it, if she chose.

But she did care very much what happened to herself; and a spectral army of ugly possibilities paraded menacingly before her till she began to wish, not exactly that the blow had not been struck, but that she herself had figured somewhat less prominently as the avenging angel.

"What a fool I was to write that letter!" she thought, knitting her fair brows and tapping her smart French slipper impatiently on the floor.

"She would have known without a word that I had planned it all, and I should not be in her power, as I am now.

"Of course she will show it to Arthur in self-defense, and then he will never speak to me again; or she may send it to the governor, and then, quiet as he is, this house will hardly hold us both.

"Oh, dear, I have made a horrible mess of it, look which way I will!"

"Do come to breakfast, child; you look quite pinched and wan with hunger," Mrs. Bruce broke in with a bright cheerfulness that seemed horribly incongruous to Cristine; and, as the girl mechanically obeyed her summons and drew a chair to the table, she turned to the servant, who still lingered at the sideboard, with the careless question—

"Where is your master, Finnis?

"Does he know we are at breakfast?"

"He is in the library, ma'am, and I rang the bell twenty minutes ago."

"Perhaps he has gone out," Mrs. Bruce suggested, looking across at her daughter, with the slight contemptuous smile she was wont to bestow upon her husband's unpunctual habits.

But the man negatived this idea decisively.

"Oh, no, ma'am!

"I took him in a telegram a little while back, and he has not left the room since then, I know."

"A telegram!" Cristine repeated, pushing back her chair, and turning a ghastly hue, horrible to look upon.

"Mother, there must be something wrong.

Mrs. Bruce felt by no means comfortable herself; some of the superstitious dread that oppressed her daughter seemed suddenly to pass to her, driving the healthy color from her face and making her clear voice husky and unsteady; but she felt it only to impress the listening servant, that a sharp rebuke was necessary, and administered it with sufficient dignity and promptitude.

"You are really absurd, Cristine," she said severely.

"One would think your father had never received a telegram or been late for breakfast before."

Cristine did not answer—would in truth have found speech difficult just then; and her mother turned again to the man.

"Let Captain Bruce know we are at breakfast."

When Finnis had gone upon his errand, she said, in a tone that had lost all its dignity and was full of pettish frightened complaint—

"You do your best to infect me with your terrors, Cristine, sitting there looking like a ghost, and never saying a word.

"What bad news could the telegram bring—unless indeed"—the handsome face clouded over with genuine terror—"unless indeed there is something wrong with my poor Vance, and Captain Bruce fears to tell me?

"Oh, Cristine, if it should be that!"

Cristine, straining her ears to catch the man's returning steps, smiled in rather a ghastly fashion to see what different paths her mother's fears and hers were taking.

She answered impatiently—

"Oh, Vance fills the universe for you; it was not Vance of whom I was thinking."

"Then, you are an unnatural sister!" was the quick response.

"I am thankful to say the dear boy is never out of my thoughts.

"Nora would not have answered me in such an unfeeling fashion.

"Nora is flawless now, of course," Miss Singleton sneeringly, but at that moment Finnis re-entered the room; and it needed but one glance at his white frightened face to tell both women that something was terribly wrong.

"Oh, ma'am," he cried, "you had better come to the library!

"Master is——

"I had best go for the doctor at once."

With rapid steps and quickly-beating hearts, Mrs. Bruce and Cristine made their way to the lofty book-lined room that, seldom visited by any member of the household, was Captain Bruce's favorite retreat.

Here he was wont to write his letters, to audit his accounts, to correct and re-correct with laborious patience the learned nautico-scientific articles that were destined never to see the light, but formed at once the object and recreation of the long leisure to which a melancholy fate had condemned him.

Here the two women were to find him—how?

It was a question that received no immediate answer as they pushed back the heavy door and timidly entered the room.

The shabby old leather desk, brought with them from Nettleton, stood open in its accustomed place on the knee-hole writing-table, a half-hidden sheet of paper on the blotter, and the keys still dangling from the old fashioned brass lock.

The morning sunlight streaming through the tall window glittered on their well polished brightness, on the deep crimson of the empty push-back chair, and on an object prone at its foot.

It was a man's figure stiff and motionless, with a gray head above which two arms had stretched and stiffened, as though in appealing agony—the man they had come to seek.

With a sharp scream of terror that rang through all the house and brought the frightened servants to the door, Mrs. Bruce ran to her husband's side, lifted the gray head on to her lap, and looked with horror on the livid face and widely-staring eyes.

"He is dead!" she cried, losing all self-control, and shrinking like a frightened child in presence of calamity.

"Cristine, come here; your father is dead, I tell you!

"Send for Vance, for Nora!

"Some one should be here!"

"Send for a doctor," Cristine said, her calm clear tones breaking in upon her mother's frantic ravings, and recalling the bewildered servants to a remembrance of duties to be done.

One or two of the women came into the room, the rest disappeared quickly as Cristine knelt by her step-father's side and placed her hand upon his heart.

It still beat, though with a terribly sluggish slowness.

"He is not dead," she said, raising her yellow head at last, "though I fear he may be dying."

"Oh, my poor Duncan!"

The woman who had been a cold, indifferent, but, in her fashion and according to her lights, a faithful and honest wife broke into a passion of tears, and with remorseful tenderness raised the poor gray head to her quivering lips.

As she did so, Cristine's cold glance wandered instinctively to the other hand, which had stiffened on something that it still held with a convulsive clasp—something that gleamed pinkly through the pale fingers.

Cristine's heart leaped convulsively; it must be the telegram of which the man had spoken.

Her superstitious fears had not deceived her; it was that which had stricken him down.

Was it from Nora, from Arthur Beaupre, from Lord de Gretton?

What horrible news did it contain?

However she managed it, her eyes must be the first to master its contents.

With a supreme effort, she retained the self-control lost for one horror-stricken moment, and prepared for instant action.

"Control yourself, mother," she said sternly.

"If, as I fear, it is paralysis, there will be work for you to do."

"Paralysis!" moaned the poor woman, with a cold shiver and another caress to the cold senseless hand that neither warmed nor stirred beneath her touch.

But Cristine, not heeding her mother's lamentations, turned to the servants with clear precise orders which, in spite of the morbid curiosity that prompted them to linger, they had no choice but to obey.

"The doctor will require hot water, mustard-baths, ice, and hot blankets.

"See that they are all ready," she said, looking round.

And, grumbling at Miss Cristine's "arbitrary ways," but secretly admiring her clear-headed forethought, the women withdrew.

Then, and not till then, Cristine strove to disengage the crumpled paper from the close and deathlike grip.

It was a task requiring no little nerve and patience; but she succeeded at last.

The cold hand lay open and empty—the paper was in her possession.

"Cristine, what are you doing?

With a sort of angry gasp Mrs. Bruce put the question, brushing away the thickly-falling tears that blurred her vision, the better to follow her daughter's extraordinary movements.

Cristine had risen suddenly to her feet, and, with a look that frightened the watching woman—a look more terrible than the dark shadow that rested on the face of the stricken man—was slowly tearing the telegram into minutest fragments.

"Can you not answer, Cristine?

"Is that the telegram you are tearing?

"Yes," Cristine answered slowly; "it is best destroyed; it has such ugly news.

"No wonder that it upset him.

"I am hard enough; but"—with a strong shudder—"I never dreamed of this!"

The wild words, and wilder action, wrought Mrs. Bruce almost to a frenzy of terror.

She gathered the fragments, and tried to piece them together, but in vain; there was no help but in an appeal to her daughter.

"Cristine, for pity sake, child, tell me the truth!

"Is it"—the mother-passion rising in an overmastering fear, supreme above all others—"is it from Vance?"

Cristine broke into a shrill cry, half laughter and half scream, that echoed horribly through the lofty room and worked her mother's fears to frenzy-point.

Then she answered calmly—

"No, mother; you need not fear for Vance.

"He"—with a frightened side-glance at the prostrate figure—"had no need to spare us."

"The blow falls only on him."

"On him!"

With widening eyes the elder woman pondered on the words.

"Oh, Cristine, it is—it must be—Nora!"

"Yes, it is Nora," Cristine admitted, in the same frozen fashion.

"Lord de Gretton was murdered last night, and Nora was missing this morning—that is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAN TO BE SHUNNED. — Many great men have delighted in passing their hours of relaxation in the company of children.

This betokens a pure and loving nature.

Richter says the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children.

Henry IV. was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and caprices.

One day, when crawling around his room on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back and the other children about him urging the King to gallop in imitation of a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered, and surprised the royal party in the midst of their fun.

Henry, without rising to his feet, asked, "Have you any children, M. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sire."

"In that case I proceed with the sport," remarked the King.

Napoleon used to take the infant King of Rome in his arms, and standing in front of a mirror with him, there make the oddest grimaces in the glass.

At breakfast he would take the child upon his knee, dip his fingers in the sauce, and daub his face with it.

The child's governess scolded, the Emperor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of his father.

Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the Emperor were almost always sure of being favorably received.

Cato, the censor, no matter howsoever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby.

Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children, and had a joyous romp with them.

A great diversion of the Emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for this purpose, Moorish and Syrian children being his favorites.

There was one little fellow of the name of Nucius, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who nevertheless had a prodigious voice.

He was an especial favorite.

Rousseau said that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together.

"I have often," says he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them."

Yet — inconceivable inconsistency! — Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them.

THE PEN.—A thousand years ago the masses, the nobility, the poor and the rich were quite unacquainted with the uses of the alphabet and the pen. A few men known as clerks, who generally belonged to the priesthood, monopolized them as a special class of artists. They taught their business only to their seminarists and apprentices; and beyond themselves and their few pupils no one knew how to read or write, nor was it expected of the gentility any more than it would be in these days that everybody should be a shoemaker or a lawyer. Kings did not even know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a written contract, law or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down upon the paper, saying, "Witness my hand." At a later date some genius devised the substitute of a seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but oftener beside the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacramental words now in use, "Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, serves at least the purpose of reminding us of the middle ages.

BLIZZARD.—The word "blizzard" is said to have appeared about 1850 in a Western newspaper. Its origin can only be guessed at. The English word "blister," the French "brouillard," the German "blitz," the Spanish "brisa," the Scotch "blizzen," and the surname Blizzard, said to be common in some localities, are all suggested as having originated it.

BUSINESS conducted on sound principles —The telephone.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW ROPE.—It is said that new rope for any purpose can be made permanently soft and pliable by boiling in water for two hours, and then drying in the sun or in a warm room.

BRASS.—In cleaning and repolishing brass-band instruments, use as little abrading powder as possible. If cared for every day, a little whiting or refined chalk upon a piece of chamois is all that is necessary. If they are neglected and become black, a solution of oxalic acid and water will clean them by rubbing the spots with cloth moistened with the acid.

HAY FEVER.—Surgeon Bradley says that being tormented by one of the most distressing symptoms of hay-fever, incessant sneezing, and having tried all remedies suggested, in sheer desperation he plugged his nostrils with raw cotton. The effect was instantaneous—sneezing ceased. And, after repeatedly testing the remedy, he concludes that it is worth knowing and recommending.

TELPHERAGE.—Professor Fleming Jenkin has patented an electrical system of transporting goods, which he calls "telpherage." It resembles the wire-rope system, in so far that the vehicles are supported on strained conductors, which suspend the load and at the same time convey the electric energy. There can be no collisions as, if one train gets on to a section occupied by another, it is deprived of motive-power and brought to a standstill until the section is clear.

FIRE.—Ordinary houses may be rendered sufficiently fire-proof if the use of thin joists and rafters and light stairs and balusters is avoided, and if care is taken that the floor-boards shall be of hard wood, of good thickness, and tongued. With respect to large buildings, of course a good deal more than this is necessary. The walls ought to be made much stronger than the requirements of business demand, and both here and in the staircases and landings concrete may with advantage be used.

TO WATERPROOF BRICK WALLS.—For waterproofing brick walls the following has been given. Dissolve soft paraffin-wax in benzoline spirit in the proportion of about one part of the former to four or five parts of the latter by weight. Into a tin or metallic keg place one gallon of benzoline spirit, then mix one and a half pound or two pounds of wax, and when quite hot, pour into the spirit. Apply the solution whilst warm to the walls with a whitewash brush. To prevent the solution from chilling, it is best to place the tin in a pail of warm water; but on no account should the spirit be brought into the house or near to a light, or a serious accident might occur.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—To water plants in a dry time stir the soil at the roots with a small fork to break the crust, and hollow the earth toward the plant so that water will settle where it is wanted, and not run over the top. You can pour half a gallon of water on a plant without this precaution and it will do less good than a pint properly given.

MILK PANS.—Some one very pertinently says that every farmer who expects his wife to make good butter, after furnishing her with some good, well fed milch cows, should provide her with good milk pans—large and shallow—so as to present a large surface on which the cream may rise, and allow it to remain sufficiently long for all the cream to rise. These pans should be well washed every time the milk is emptied from them, and should be clean and bright when filled.

VALUE OF PUMPKINS.—The pumpkin contains six or seven times as much water as either corn or oats; in a word, it is a food in a state of much greater dilution. Analysis proves that even if the pumpkin should be freed from its large percentage of water, corn and oats remain much more valuable as feeding stuffs. While pumpkins cannot be recommended as fat-producing material, they possess excellent milk-producing qualities, and being cheaply raised may be counted as valuable food for milch cows.

THE STABLES.—See that the stables are thoroughly ventilated, and in such a manner as to prevent a direct draft of cold air coming upon the animals. Do not take it for granted that there will be holes and cracks enough to provide sufficient ventilation and give the matter no further thought. If there are holes or cracks they should be stopped up, and your stables be made warm and comfortable, and such arrangements made for ventilating as will insure a constant supply of pure air, and permit impure exhalations, etc., to escape, and you will thus provide a very essential condition for the welfare and comfort of your stock.

PEARS AND APPLES.—Both pears and apples will keep best in a cool dry cellar, laid singly on latticed shelves. If they are not to ripen, the cooler the cellar the better so that the temperature is above the freezing point; and if it should be too moist, fresh lime placed under the row of shelves will be of great benefit. Again, if the apples be packed in dry barrels, and placed under a shed and protected against all moisture, to remain there until late in November and freezing weather approaches, then remove to a cool dry cellar, as before mentioned, and the barrels headed up, is as good as any way when the quantity on hand is large and the intention is to keep them over winter for spring sales.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 17, 1883.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE EFFECT OF RIDICULE.

There is no engine more generally applied to eradicate absurd or unpopular opinions than ridicule, and it is not only the favorite weapon of the wit, but has even been sometimes employed by the philosopher; it may be doubted, however, upon good grounds, whether in the aggregate it produces the desired reformation, or whether, on the contrary, it is not rather calculated to increase moral evil.

The object of ridicule is to deteriorate the obnoxious opinions, by placing them in a ludicrous or preposterous point of view; and thus, by lowering them in the estimation of their supporters, cause their abandonment, rather from a sense of shame, than from any real conviction in the mind, that they are untenable on rational ground. Ridicule attacks the pride and self-love of man, by covertly putting his opinions at a lower standard than he had himself fixed, and thus, exposing his cupidity to an unexpected assault which, however fallacious and weak in itself, by its subtlety and point disarms opposition, and for the moment sets even reason at defiance.

Ridicule seldom admits of argument, because it has he effect of instantly reducing its object below the level of sober consideration, by placing it on the ground of assumed absurdity; at this, the mind naturally revolts as below the dignity of man.

Ridicule always takes inconsistency and absurdity for granted, and on this foundation builds a sudden and specious conclusion, which admits, in most minds, of no serious refutation.

There is no principle in the human mind more powerful than self-love,—and this ridicule wounds, and thus gains a victory, which, however cowardly and transient, is nevertheless secure. But, happily for truth, reason is unconvinced, though her powers may be paralyzed. Sentiments once fixed by the calm deduction of reflection can only be changed by argument; and the same process is required to eradicate, as to plant them. It is upon this ground that we assert, it may be doubted whether, in the aggregate, ridicule produces the desired reformation, or whether, on the contrary, it is not rather calculated to increase moral evil.

Hence, ridicule, when applied to eradicate vice, and implant virtue, must ever fail in producing a permanent moral effect, since it has no foundation in sound argument and rational conclusion, on which religious and moral principles are built; neither, on the other hand, will it ever be capable of eradicating them, when once fixed on the basis of conviction; and we believe there are few, if any, individuals to be found, who, having been brought up in the fear of God, and having been led by ridicule to deviate into the paths of vice; but may be reclaimed by strong and judicious appeals to reason.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame, and, after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise on a sawbuck.

—

GERMAN physicians are agitating the introduction of the metric decimal system in their prescription of liquids. Instead of the hitherto-used mode of tablespoon and teaspoonfuls, ganged glasses marked on the scale of 1, 5, 10 grammes, etc., are to be adopted, which will greatly simplify and render more accurate the manner of dosing medicine.

—

AMONG the many leagues which are formed for the benefit of both man and beast, the last, and perhaps the most curious, is that which has for its object to protest against the use of the American lobster as an article of food, on the ground that it can only be obtained by torturing the animal or fish. A number of Parisians, the originators of the scheme, wear a badge on which is pinned a crustacea holding in its claws a small visiting card, with the simple word, "Thanks."

—

IT is said that glass is gradually beginning to take the place of wood and iron in the construction of bridges in England. The inventor makes blocks of glass, which he hardens by a special process. In solidity it is said to leave nothing to be desired. The experiments already made have given surprising results, and the cost is below that of bridges of wood or iron. Moreover, the glass cannot be injured by insects, like wood, nor rusted, like iron.

—

LORD BACON wrote much relating to life and longevity. His signs of short life are quick growth, soft skin, soft, fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. Some of his signs of long-life are slow growth, hard, coarse hair, rough, freckled skin, deep furrows in the forehead, firm flesh, with veins lying high, wide nostrils, large mouth, hard, gristly ear, strong contiguous teeth. He adds that early gray hair is not significant, some of the longest livers having turned gray in early life.

—

THERE is continual complaint of the intrusion of men into places intended for women. The other side of the question is not so frequently discussed. A correspondent of a prominent London paper says that women will not occupy the tables provided for them in the British Museum, but choose for their accommodation those especially set apart for men. We hazard the guess that there is a reason for their doing so. The managers of the Museum are undoubtedly all Englishmen, and, with the lack of gallantry proverbially accorded to Englishmen, we presume they have kept all the best places for their own sex.

—

IN replying through the columns of an English contemporary to a writer who urged the abolition of the definite article "the," a correspondent tersely puts forward a strong plan for its retention by writing without it a note as follows: "Curious thing is that reformer who could propose this 'suppression,' was so blind as to pass over commas, semicolons, periods, and so forth—not so venerable or useful as we are. Beginning could have been tried with these. Indeed, out of sympathy with poor things, and way public writers knock them about at present, suggestion to loop them off would not make our blood boil."

—

MILK heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying, and far more enduring in its effects.

—

A GHASTLY burial ceremony that is practised by the Mormons, rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrection day, when the righteous are called into the joys of their Lord, no hand but that of a husband can remove the cloth, and that unless the cloth is lifted by his hand she must remain in outer darkness forever. A woman who believes that—and the Mormon women believe it—can't help behaving herself, no matter how many wives her husband takes. She has to keep on the right side of the only man who can take off that cloth.

—

AT the forthcoming international exhibition of Naples will be exhibited in action a submarine observatory or balloon, which will sink people to the bottom of the Mediterranean shore waters, where they can enjoy the natural aquaria there to be seen. It is a balloon of steel, with three compartments—one for the actuating mechanism and heating bladder, one for the captain, and one for the passengers to the number of eight. There are glass windows for looking out at the fishes, shells, and weeds, and the height of the balloon in the water is regulated at will by means of the collapsible bladder. A telephone connects the balloon, which is "captive" and cannot float away, with the shore or a boat above.

—

STATISTICIANS have pronounced the United States to be not only potentially, but actually, richer than the United Kingdom. Counting the houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments and roads, it is estimated that there is a grand total in the United States of $49,770,000,000. Great Britain is credited with something less than $40,000,000,000, or nearly $10,000,000,000 less than the United States. The wealth per inhabitant in Great Britain is estimated at $1,160, and in the United States $995. With regard to the remuneration of labor, assuming the produce of labor to be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to the laborer, 21 to capital, and 23 to Government. France, 41 parts go to labor, 36 to capital and 23 to Government. In the United States 72 parts go to labor, 23 to capital, and 5 to Government.

—

IN several cities and town in the State of New York successful swindling schemes have been played upon unsuspecting merchants, and in nearly every case the parties have pretty closely followed this mode of operation: A man and woman locate in a town, put on lots of style, and lay claim to the "'way up circles." After a time the man visits the leading stores, and says his wife had spoken of buying a bill of goods, and if she had done so he wanted to pay for them, as he was going out of town for a short time. No goods had been bought by her, and he goes to the next store. In a short time the wife comes in and easily succeeds in getting credit for a large bill, as the merchant thinks it is all right because of the story told by her husband. When they get a large amount of goods in this way, both of them disappear, and turn up in another town, where the same performance is enacted.

—

A PHYSICIAN who writes for the *Continent* about the curative powers of nature, is positive in his conviction that it is better for a consumptive to stay at home, where he can be comfortable, than subject himself to the discomfort of hotel life, or to the greater inconvenience of a camp. He says that the camp-cure may be fairly tried by sleeping on one's own housetop. Another medical man replies that the summer conditions of spruce forests are eminently favorable, and consumptives have recovered in the most surprising way by living under canvass in them, where the air is impregnated with the healing emanations peculiar to the non-deciduous tree growths. There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry air of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florido or Southern California. "To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while, if he went among the northern paradise of spruce, he might recover."

—

THE *Sanitary Record* gives the following laws relative to digestion. From such an authority they are worthy of respectful consideration, and good sense seems to be their foundation: 1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil. 2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and innervation. 3. Food for the repair of the continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken towards the evening, when an opportunity is afforded for its leisurely absorption during sleep. 4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten. 5. In youth the digestion is quicker and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons. 6. Rest before meals makes digestion more complete. Exertion immediately before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterwards deranges it. 7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more comple. 8. Alcohol retards digestion, and renders it also incomplete. 9. Earnest pre-occupation of mind retards digestion. 10. Water weakens digestion.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

BY J. I.

Oh, I pity my neighbor over the way,
Who has nothing to do but yawn all day;
No little hands to tumble her hair,
No little "nuisance" to vex her with care,
No little "torment" to worry and tease,
Nothing to do but consult her own ease.

Poor rich neighbor, I am sorry for you—
Sorry, because you have "nothing to do."
Sorry, because as the days go by
You are restless and weary, you know not why.
And once in a while I can see the trace
Of many a tear on your proud, fair face.

You see I am only a laborer's wife,
Doing my part in the treadmill of life;
Joe, my husband, is off all day,
Fighting the giants of want away;
Baby and I are busy, too,
But we've plenty of time to be sorry for you.

Baby's a nuisance, a plague, and a joy,
But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy:
I have no time for a groan or a sigh,
No time to be idle as the days go by;
My arms are full as the day is long,
Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor, rich neighbor over the way,
Watching my baby and me at play;
What of your wealth if your heart is bare?
'Tis to love and be loved that makes life so fair.
No, neighbor mine, I can tell you true,
Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

The Rival Carvers.

BY BLAKE PAXSON

HARROW and I were both carvers.

We had learnt of the same master, and we were rivals from the first.

There's a great deal in carving—a great deal more than people that just look at it, and don't know it from the imitation, glued-on stuff done by machinery, seem to think.

People who buy it because it is costly, don't often understand what they have got.

It's an art, not a handicraft, is carving.

Harry and I were both poor men enough, both young, and both in love with the same young girl, Bessy Barker, the old sea-captain's daughter—a girl with the bluest eyes, and the whitest skin, and the prettiest brown hair you ever saw—a girl that was comely, and pleasant, and natural, and had no nonsence about her.

We had neither of us proposed to her yet.

Neither of us knew which she liked.

Don't think her a coquette, though; she wasn't the least bit of that, I do firmly believe.

Only, you see, the idea that Harrow might get her, after all, made me dislike him worse than I did before.

I did hate the man, and for the meanest reasons.

He was handsomer than I, gayer than I, never out of spirits, and he was the only man in the place that could come near me in my work.

Sometimes the dreadful thought that he did some things better than I used to make me furious.

We are all human, and "jealousy is cruel as the grave, and the coals thereof are as coals of fire that burn with a most vehement flame."

I was jealous enough of Harrow to know what that meant.

I'm not as much of a hand at talking as I am at carving, and I haven't time, besides, to tell you everything, but you can guess just about what went on; how now his work seemed the favorite with folks that bought such things, and now mine; how one day I believed Bessie could be brought to like me, and another that Harrow was the man; and I'll come at once to the time when Sir Arthur Atwater, who was a gentleman of wealth and taste, offered a prize for the best piece of carving done by one of his townsmen.

And we carvers began to understand that it would soon be settled who stood at the head of the craft in that place.

The prize was valuable enough.

It was twenty pounds.

But that wasn't the thing, you see—not to us, at least.

We wanted the name of it, and we wanted to let Bessie know what we were.

There was to be a large company present besides the judges, and it would be fame and fortune in a little way to the fellow that carried off the prize.

Every little carver—even the girl who made salad forks and such—would have a specimen to offer, but I felt afraid of nobody but Harrow; and he, I knew feared no one but me.

I went to work upon an easel.

He began the ornamental top of a sideboard.

Good Heaven! how beautiful it was.

I could have cried with envy when I took the first peep at it.

I thought the design for my easel was fine.

I knew it was; but he must have been inspired—fruit, flower, and game, that's all I can tell you about it.

The grouping and the work is what makes a carving as it does a picture, not the subject.

My easel was a Wisteria vine, held back here and there by pretty baby hands.

The idea was newer, but—well, I can't describe that thing of Harrow's.

I went away miserable.

But I worked at my easel as much as I could—of course, where there is bread to win, one must take time for that—and it was nearly done when a certain Tuesday came, not too soon either, for nothing was to be received after Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock.

I looked at my carving and saw that three hours' work would finish it, and I calculated that I could go out to see Bessie, spend an hour with her, and still get it done before midnight; and so, like a fool, you'll say—but then you are not in love, you know—I dressed myself and started off.

Now Bessie's father, fond of the sea, though he'd left it, lived close beside it, in a little cottage, that looked as if the next big wave would sweep it away, only the waves always stopped short of the doorstep.

In summer, trains ran regularly, but in winter there were just two a day—one at ten in the morning, one at seven in the evening.

You see, then, just a dozen families lived down there the year-round—mostly people who catered for the fashionable summer visitors.

Maniacs, some people said, they were, one and all; and it was a dreadful trial to dutiful little Bessie, to pass the winter in such a place.

Well, I meant to take the train down in the evening, and as it came up in an hour of course, to stay just that long, and then I could come back with a heart for my work, and finish it up before I slept.

I just caught the train, and I stood outside on the platform for a moment, to take breath, and looked through the window into the carriage, and saw Harrow sitting there.

Yes, he was there, going down to see Bessie and spoil my evening.

I supposed his work was done by that.

Well, I didn't want to speak to him, and since he was to be there I didn't care to go to the captain's; but trains don't stop for people's fancies.

Harrow did not see me, and when the train stopped, I slipped out of the way behind the station, and waited until he went by.

Then I followed him, I hardly knew why, clear down to the cottage.

He did not know it.

He rang the bell and was let in.

I saw his shadow on the white blind—and going close, I heard what they were saying.

"Carving done?" asked the captain. "I suppose so, or you'd not be wasting your time visiting."

"It's not done," said Harrow, with a laugh; "but I shall take the night for it.

"I don't expect to sleep much to-night.

"You see, I wanted inspiration, and I came where I could get it."

"And Beldon, he's done, I suppose," said the captain. "Which of you is to have the prize?"

Harrow laughed.

"He's got a pretty thing," he said. "Not to boast, I'm not afraid of and other competitors, and I'm not much afraid of him—not much.

"Wish me luck, Miss Bessie."

What would Bessie say?

I might learn something of her heart by that.

I listened.

"I wish you both luck, Mr. Harrow," she said. "I wish there were two prizes."

"But there is only one," he said gravely. "Which of us shall have it?"

Did he mean the prize for the carving, or more?

All she said was—

"Sir Arthur is to decide that."

Ah, well, perhaps he was to decide both.

The carver who got that prize was on his way to become fashionable and make a fortune.

Girls don't always forget that.

Perhaps Bessie would say yes to the man who was most fortunate.

"He shan't have it," said I.

And then it struck me, as if the fiend had whispered it in my ear—perhaps he did—that if I could keep him from catching the train, he could not get back that night—could not finish his carving so as to get it into the exhibition, and in that case no doubt of my luck, with a judge like Sir Arthur on the committee.

Yes, if I could, I swore to keep him from going back that night.

"I must watch the clock," he said; "my watch is at the jeweller's for repairs, and if I miss the train, I'm done for."

And then I knew what to do.

The clock hung in the kitchen, just beside the door.

The kitchen door was not fastened until the family retired.

The old servant went to bed very early.

I slipped round to the kitchen door.

I tried the latch; the door opened easily.

I went in.

Through the adjoining door I heard Harrow's voice, loud and gay, and I muttered a little triumphant curse as I put the clock hands back half an hour: that was enough for my purpose.

The train waited for no man.

Then I went back slowly over the sands.

I knew the captain left his old chronometer unwound in his own room from one year's end to the other.

I knew that Harrow would stay with Bessie as long as he dared; and it took just ten minutes to reach the station.

Yet I kept on the watch until the train started.

Then, when I found that there was only an old woman besides myself, I felt triumphant.

I should finish my work and take it in before Harrow got back.

Our rooms were in the same building, and near each other.

When I went up to mine, lighting my gas, saw my beautiful easel almost done, I said aloud.

"We shall have the prize, my darling."

And I sat down before it; but, in a minute, I dropped the tools and burst out crying like a woman.

What for, you ask?

Well, for shame.

I had thought mean thoughts before, but this was the first mean action I had done.

I was abashed before myself.

I knew I should take no pleasure in the prize—no pride in it.

If I could undo it, I would, but I could not.

I looked out into the night.

The storm that had been threatening all day had burst.

Sleet was falling.

Harrow was bound at the sea side as if by chains, and a vague feeling I had had of going down for him in some hired conveyance, confessing all and bringing him back, died out.

I could do nothing.

Then it dawned upon me that I could.

I was a carver—aye, as good as he, if not better.

His work was blocked out.

I could finish it for him, and leave mine—forsake every hope of the prize.

"Yes," said I, lifting up my hand to heaven—not swearing, mind you, but taking my oath in its presence.

"Yes, by Heaven, I will."

Then I took a tool I knew would do the thing; picked Harrow's lock, lit his gas, and went to work.

I never carved so well.

I carried out his whole dream.

I gave every pretty touch to it.

I worked all night.

I worked in the grey light of down.

I worked by daylight.

At light, I dropped into a chair, dead tired, and if I had had strength for it, there was no time to finish my easel.

There was just time to dress and carry Harrow's work to the hall.

I did that.

Then I came back and sat down and looked at my own lost hope,

"I've given you up," said I. "Have I given up Bessie too? I suppose so."

And then there came a step on the stairs—a cry in the next room.

I opened my door and went into Harrow's.

There stood a figure like a frozen ghost, its hair stiff with icicles, its beard flaked with them.

Ice on its coat, on its hat, on its feet; one arm hanging by its side, helpless.

It was Harrow.

"I was left by the train at the sea-side, last night," he panted, placing his hand over his eyes. "How could I stay? I tried to walk. It's taken me all night in this storm. I fell on the ice. I've broken my arm. I wanted to finish my work—the prize—I should have got it—now——"

He fell fainting into my arms.

Well, he had a hard time of it—a hard time; but the first news I had to tell him, when he opened his eyes was that he had got the prize.

"I sent the work in for you," I said; "I thought you'd like me to."

"But it was unfinished," said he.

"Oh, no," said I.

To this day Harrow does not know the real truth.

He thinks he was delirious in his illness, and forgot the last work he had done.

He says—that made me chuckle—it was his very best, and that he has never equalled it since.

I never told him I did not compete; I told no one anything.

But there is something in feeling contented with yourself—I knew that the day Bessie married Harrow.

Outwitted.

BY F. L. WELLS.

"JENNIE!

Here, come and sit down. I have something to say to you."

Trembling from head to foot, the girl obeyed.

And she was a lovely girl—bright and winsome, and as good as she possibly could be.

It was her father who had spoken to her—Jonathan Pulsifer by name.

He was a man of medium size, of goodly form, and not over fifty.

He was also a good-looking man, and very companionable.

But he could be stern and dictatorial upon occasion, and when he had made a declaration, there was to be no voluntary retraction.

"Jennie, Walter Sinclair will arrive here to-morrow at the hotel, and will pay his respects to us.

"Here is his letter."

"I don't care to read it father," the girl answered.

"Perhaps you don't care for him?"

"How should I?

"I never saw him."

"Never saw him?"

"I mean, not since we were little children."

"Ah, he has grown to be a man now; and he writes me that if all is pleasant and agreeable on our side, he shall be prepared to carry out the plan which his father and myself adopted.

"You know what that plan is.

"You know that Sinclair and I were partners, and that he died happy, because he believed, on my assurance, that our union of heart and soul should be continued in our children.

"Walter is all that I can ask for a son-in-law.

"He is a good man, and true. He is coming to see us—to see you.

"He has my promise, given his father, that he shall have your hand if he will ask it.

"Now mark me, Jennie, if Walter Sinclair asks me for your hand, he shall have it.

"He is wealthy; he is honorable; he is good, and I love him.

"Do you understand me?"

"O, papa, I wish—"

"Hush!

"I can listen to no remonstrance. My mind is made up.

"Not one word until you have seen Sinclair."

In all her life Jennie had never disobeyed her father.

He had been very good to her—very tender, and very kind, and she knew he meant it all for her good.

She knew also that if he had formed a resolution, he was not to be easily swerved from it.

Her only source of relief was to sit down and have a good cry; and this she did most heartily.

The next morning Jennie appeared with red eyes and an unhappy face; but her father said nothing.

Perhaps he thought it better to let her have her own way thus far.

During the forenoon she put on her hat and wandered slowly off over an adjacent hill to a grove.

It was in the bright June time, and the day was beautiful.

She sat down under a tree, and gave herself up to painful reflection.

Presently a footstep aroused her, and she looked up with a start.

A young man stood before her—a youth with sunny hair and a handsome face, and his form was the perfection of manly grace and vigor.

He had a portfolio under his arm, and in his hand he carried an artist's box.

"Jennie!"

Oh, how like sweet music the voice sounded in her ears.

Jennie was human, with a heart warm and impulsive; and she was inclined to be romantic, too.

One day while sitting in the grove, with a book in her hand, a young man had surprised her.

He was very polite and kind.

He was an artist, on a sketching tour.

He asked if he had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Pulsifer.

And then he introduced himself as Raphael Redux.

He sat down and showed the girl some of his sketches.

He was so modest, and so refined, and so like a perfect gentleman, and his manner was so charming that Jennie never thought of being afraid.

She not only examined his sketches, but listened with deep interest to his glowing eulogium on art.

Jennie met the young artist again; and this time he told her of things he had seen in Italy.

He was an orphan, but fortune had smiled upon him.

He pursued art for a pastime.

He loved the good and the beautiful.

All this he told her, and more—not at one meeting, but at several.

The grove was a favorite resort with Jennie, and had been so from her earliest recollection.

She did not know why she should forsake it now.

And Raphael also found it very pleasant.

There were scenes in the grove which he wished to sketch.

And bye-and-bye he wished to make a sketch of Jennie.

She did not refuse.

And with the liberty of an artist, he called her by her given name, and he persuaded her to call him Raphael.

"Jennie," repeated the artist, sitting by her side and taking her hand, "what has happened?

"You look sad and downcast."

She did not tell him at once, but he gradually drew the story from her.

"Why," said he, "I know this Walter Sinclair very well.

"This and I attended the same college. He arrived at the hotel last night."

"Then he will be at the house this evening," said Jennie.

"Yes, I heard him say something about calling on Mr. Pulsifer.

"Oh, Raphael——"

"What is it, Jennie?"

"I don't want to see that man."

"Upon my word, I think Sinclair is a very good sort of a fellow—the last who would offer harm to a woman."

"But—think what my father's purpose is.

"Think what Mr. Sinclair's purpose is in coming."

As the girl spoke, she looked up into her companion's face imploringly.

Suddenly a great light shone in Raphael's eyes.

He took both of the maiden's hands, and said to her, in tones solemnly sweet and sincere:

"Jennie, this event brings me to a crisis, a crisis not unanticipated, but not anticipated quite so soon.

"If you could be free from him, would you turn your heart to me?"

"Raphael!"

"Dear girl, I love you! If you felt you would be doing right, could you love me in return?"

She tried hard to look up into his face, but the intensity of his look dazzled her eyes.

Then she laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered:

"I should not have to learn to love you, Raphael."

Then she started back, and her heart burst forth:

"Oh, this makes it harder than ever to think of him."

"And are you sorry I crossed your path, Jennie?"

"No; I am glad. Now I know the bliss of loving."

"And of being loved!" cried the artist, clasping her in his arms.

After a time:

"Suppose, Jennie, I could gain your father's consent to our union, would you give me your hand?"

"Yes. I know you are true, and I love you."

"Bless you for that, darling! And now let us consider.

"As I told you, I know this Sinclair very well.

"He is a modest man, and inclined to be timid.

"A proposition for your hand is to come from him?"

"Yes.

"Papa said if he asked for my hand, he should have it."

"Then he must not ask for it. You must frighten him."

"I frighten him!"

"Yes; and I think you can do it very easily.

"If you could recite to him some portions of Macbeth as you read them to me a few days ago you would reduce him to terror.

"You must make him think that you are crazy.

"Have you courage to make the attempt?"

"Oh, Raphael!"

"If you can be rid of Sinclair, I am sure I can win your father's consent to our union.

"I can bring to him a record of my whole life, and a record of my family, to which he cannot object.

"Will you not make the trial?"

"Yes, yes—for love, oh, yes."

"Then let us rehearse a bit.

"Now we will suppose I am Walter Sinclair.

"Your father has left us alone.

"Now your insane fit comes upon you.

"You will stand there.

"Think of Lady Macbeth.

"So.

"That is the position.

"Now for the wild rolling of the eyes. Oh, if you can give Sinclair that look, it will pulverize him."

And the rehearsal went on.

* * * * * * *

On the evening of that day Mr. Pulsifer came to Jennie and informed her that Mr. Sinclair had arrived.

"I wish you to come and see him. And, my child, I trust you will make yourself agreeable."

"Papa," she said, brushing her hand across her brow, "I am not feeling very well, but I will do the best I can."

"If you do your best, I can certainly ask for no more."

Jennie followed her father, and was introduced to Mr. Sinclair.

He was a slight-framed man, with well-cut features, a pale, thin face, eyes large and dark, and, on the whole, he was rather intellectual-looking.

He bowed to the young lady a little awkwardly, and if he was struck by her beauty, he did not betray it.

During the evening Jennie said but very little.

She sat most of the time with her hand pressed upon her brow, and more than once she made answer to questions in a manner very strange and vacant of meaning.

At an early hour, Sinclair arose to take his leave.

He had only called, he said, to introduce himself.

He should give himself the pleasure of coming again on the morrow.

And on the morrow he came and took dinner.

Jennie declared she could not eat, and begged her father to excuse her from the table.

"I will do it," said the old man, "if you will give to Sinclair an hour of your time this afternoon."

She promised that she would do so, and she was excused.

Towards the middle of the afternoon she found Mr. Sinclair alone in the parlor.

She entered, and carefully closed the door behind her.

Then she stood a few moments and listened with her hand to her ear.

Then she turned toward the visitor, approaching him upon tiptoe, with her finger upon her lips.

Her eyes were wild and staring, and her whole make-up like that of a person stricken by a great horror.

Sinclair arose from his seat, and moved back.

"Fie, my lord, fie!

"A soldier, and afraid?

"What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?

"Yet, who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him."

By the time she had reached this point, Sinclair was rolled up against the wall.

"Ha!" she shrieked, glaring upon the luckless listener, and then gazing upon her two hands.

"Will these hands ne'er be clean? All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand."

With this Jennie glided forward, and laid her hand upon Sinclair's arm.

Terrified, the young man sank back into the chair from which he had risen.

Jennie was pale and trembling, and an agitation which she could not repress helped wonderfully to give character to her acting.

"Hush!

"Let not my father know of this.

"Did he but dream how red this poor hand is, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

"Ha! ha! ha!—he, poor man, thinks the rats killed our child.

"Did they but hear me they would send me to a nunnery.

"But I'll not go.

"I was there once.

"It runs in the blood.

"At the changing of the moon I am very merry.

"That is what Doctor Crabtree means by lunacy.

"Now, I charge ye, tell not my father this.

"Get thee to Queen Guinevere, where thy heart is, and make me rid of thee."

The pretended maniac grasped at the chair, and Sinclair fled from the room.

On the next day, Jennie met the visitor before he entered the house, and with tears in her eyes begged him not to carry her away.

"Where should I carry you?" he asked.

"Ah, you know, to a nunnery—to a mad house."

She pressed her hands upon her brow, and after a pause, added—

"I fear me I did behave unseemingly. It was an unfortunate fit.

"Oh, let not my father know. Do not tell the doctor.

"Dear sir, if there is pity in your bosom, have pity on me.

"Marry me, and take me away from this place.

"Take me ten thousand miles away from any nunnery or madhouse.

"Oh, kind sir, will you not do it?"

"My dear lady," said Sinclair, putting her gently away, "I will put my answer on paper, and send it to you."

And with that he made his escape.

On the following day, in the afternoon, Mr. Pulsifer called Jennie into the library.

She found him pacing to and fro, with one hand clutched in his hair, while in the other he crushed a paper.

"Papa——"

"Oh! the puppy! the jackanapes! the ingrate!"

"Papa!"

"Oh! oh! the rascal!"

"Dear papa, what is all this about?"

"It is about enough. Here is a letter from Sinclair. He refuses to take you for a wife."

"Refuses!"

"It amounts to that."

"Well, papa, do not let that trouble you.

"If you dislike him as much as I do, you would not worry about this."

"I shan't worry—not a bit of it! Oh, no!

"But if he ever shows himself again—never mind; let him go.

"I have done my part.

"I have kept faith with Rob; I care for nothing more."

An hour later, Jennie was with her true lover in the grove, to whom she told the story of success—of success thus far.

"And it shall be success to the end," said Raphael.

"But we must strike while the iron is hot.

"I will appeal to your father this very evening."

"Oh, Raphael, not so soon."

"Trust me, darling.

"Your father knows my family very well, and, upon my honor, I do not believe, now that Sinclair is out of the way, he will turn me off. At all events, let the risk be mine."

"But are you not a stranger to him?"

"Why, bless you! your father has urged that I should visit him.

"I have not done it, because I dared not meet you there.

"I feared he might gain our secret prematurely.

"But this evening I will answer his invitation in person."

Evening came, and Jennie received her lover in fear and trembling.

But he did not give her time to consider and become weak.

He took her by the hand and led her at once to the library, determined, he said, to know his fate.

The old gentleman was seated at the table, and arose as his visitors entered.

"Mr. Pulsifer," said the daring youth, "I am boldness personified. Perhaps you will say I am audacious.

"I came to ask from you the dearest gift in your power to bestow—the hand of your daughter."

"But her heart—how is that, my boy?"

"Her heart is mine already."

Jonathan Pulsifer was not surprised at all—or, if he was, he did not show it.

On the contrary, he seemed to be particularly elated.

"My dear Walter," he said, "she is yours."

And he put their hands together.

"Walter!" repeated Jennie, like one in a dream.

"Walter Sinclair," said her father. "To whom else do you suppose I could so willingly give you?"

"It plead!"

"My darling," said her lover, gathering her into his arms, "Raphael is my *nom de plume*.

"My parents named me as your father has called me."

"And the other man—the man calling himself Sinclair?"

"Oh, he was a true Sinclair—my cousin Orville.

"He is married, and has two children."

Jennie was in a daze, almost in a stupor.

She gazed from the young man to the old, and seemed half inclined to sink under the burden of doubt and perplexity.

"My precious child," cried her father, seeing her lamentable condition, "don't you comprehend the situation?

"Bless me! I fancied you would see it the moment the result of the move was revealed.

"Ha, ha, ha! this was the way I took to enforce my wishes.

"In fact, my pet, I had to resort to stratagem in order to make sure your own happiness.

"Really, I knew from the very first that you would have to be outwitted in the way of peace and blessing.

"The very name of Robert Sinclair's son was your bugbear—your skeleton in the closet, so, do you see, I got Walter to—to—well, you know what he has done, and he and I persuaded his cousin Orville to play dummy for us.

"But, Jennie——"

His speech was cut short by the girl's bursting into tears; but when she felt her lover's arm around her, she looked up and tried to smile.

"Jennie, darling, you will forgive me, won't you?"

She tried to pout, but he kissed the smile back to her lips.

Pretty soon she returned his kiss, and he was forgiven.

Inflammatory Rheumatism. An Astonishing Cure.

The following case gives another remarkable proof of the really wonder-working potency of Compound Oxygen. The patient herself could hardly have been more surprised than we were at the result which attended its use; for when we examined her case and understood clearly her condition we did not believe that we could do anything for her, and frankly told her so.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10th 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN. Dear Sirs:—In April, 1881, I consulted you in reference to your Treatment in Inflammatory Rheumatism. Eighteen years ago I discovered rheumatism in the ends of my fingers; from that it gradually spread all over my body, settling in my feet in 1870; and from that time to January, 1880, I grew worse and worse, suffering nearly all the time intense shooting pains, prostrating me often for days, when the trouble settled in my left arm.

"My arm lost all vitality, becoming as cold as if encased in ice and hanging at my side a heavy weight. The muscles fell away to the bone, and my shoulder wasted till it became necessary to pad my dresses to wear them. In addition to this trouble my stomach was in a terrible condition, having refused all kinds of food for months, and I was starving on a low diet under the advice of one of Philadelphia's first physicians. After a careful examination of my case, your Dr. Starkey said to me, 'I don't think I can do anything for you.' I had heard and read of the Oxygen so long that I was anxious to try it if only to get a little relief; so on April 8th, 1881, I began the Office Treatment, coming every day for a while and then three times a week. The first night after inhaling the Compound Oxygen I had the first night's rest in months. This greatly relieved and encouraged me. After using the Treatment a month I noticed a slightly changed feeling in my arm, but could not move any part of it. During the second month I could notice a decided improvement in my stomach and a little motion of my fingers. I then had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs, which threw me away back and injured my arm seriously. I resumed the Treatment as soon as I was able to come to the office, and by August, notwithstanding the fall, I found, by the use of the other arm, I could move the lame one about an inch from the body and could raise the shoulder slightly. In November I could lift my arm a little and the spots were not so painful. All this time my stomach was improving and my lung trouble less troublesome. By Christmas I could eat almost everything placed before me; I had little or no nausea, and seldom vomited. My arm began to fill out and the rheumatism, instead of being a permanent pain, was now scattering and only visited me occasionally and I realized that I was much less a barometer. I felt like a new being. In February, 1882, I was using my arm at light work and was able to comb my hair, a thing I had not done in a long time, could button my dresses to the top and found it necessary to take out the padding. In April, one year after the time I began, my lungs had improved wonderfully, my stomach was well, and my rheumatism back in my fingers, where it started in 1864, eighteen years ago. Mrs. MARGARETTA E. BAIR,

1848 Filbert Street, Philadelphia."

"P. S.—August 1st, 1882. Since the foregoing was written, the last vestiges of rheumatism which remained in my fingers have departed. M. E. B."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

Justly Punished.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

CORNELIA was the only child of two good people, who had not married until they reached the years which find most wedded pairs with their children well grown up about them.

They had been very happy, however, and when they died, left their daughter a little income, which, by close pinching, she could manage to live upon.

Cornelia was not a pretty girl, but thousands of plainer girls had married and settled, while she remained a spinster.

Perhaps the fact that she was by no means a good-natured person had something to do with it.

Certainly she fell out with her friends and fell out with her beau, had feuds with her relatives, and was fond of saying unpleasant things to people generally.

In her youth, she had also comported herself scornfully to well disposed young men who belonged to the mechanic classes, and had declared that she would only give her hand and heart to a merchant, a physician, or a clergyman.

Merchants were rare in B——, the only specimens of that order being two very old bachelors, still connected with a London firm.

The two doctors were both married, and the clergymen always had very large families.

Miss Cornelia's ambitious hopes were never realized, and her father's apprentice, Tim Cornell, who had admired her, and had been quite a believer in her as a "very elegant and genteel person," finally pronounced her "mighty proud and haughty," and abandoned his suit.

The other young mechanics married or left the village, and Miss Cornelia at last awoke to the knowledge that she was getting on in life, and that if she was not careful, people would find it out.

Cornelia looked in the glass carefully every morning, and very often through the day.

She did not age rapidly, having always looked old.

But for that family Bible in which the record of her birth was written down, she would have felt safe in stating off ten years of her life, a proceeding which she fancied would increase her value in the eyes of a certain Mr. Dumsday, who had recently paid her a few solemn calls.

He was really an old man then, but the older the man the younger, generally, one finds his choice of a wife to be.

And really, when all one's lady friends enjoy nothing so much as adding to one's age, why should not their efforts be thwarted by a reduction on one's own part of the one thing nobody ever wants more of?

Poor Cornelia!

She did not know that one who never thinks about age at all is the slowest to grow old.

She eyed that well-thumbed Bible which her companion and assistant, Betsy Baker, always would have upon a stand in the parlor, with absolute horror.

She did not dare object to its presence.

But she did wish Cousin Betsy in Greenland when she called a visitor's attention to the illustrations it contained.

Suppose any one should turn to the fly-leaf and read there—

"Born Dec., 18—, Cornelia, first daughter of Mathew and Abigail Linn."

The thought was horror.

She sat over her fire late one night, thinking over the matter.

Who knew her exact age?

Cousin Betsy.

But Cousin Betsy would not wish to quarrel with her, and was too old a woman to think her anything but young.

The family doctor was dead, and the dear old gentleman who had lodged with them from her babyhood, who had always given her a gift upon her birthday, and on whom she had waited as a grandchild might, went away years before, and was probably dead.

Good old man!

She had liked him very much.

How well she remembered him as he sat in his big armchair!

Good Mr. Noire!

But she should never hear anything of him again.

Yes, it was safe.

She would do it.

She did not dare to name the deed—it seemed as bad to her as robbing a church.

But ten years off one's age is a terrible temptation—at least it was to Miss Cornelia.

It was night—half-past twelve, at least—the hour when "churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

Ghosts might pop in upon her at any moment, but such a deed could only be done at such an hour.

Miss Cornelia rose.

She stood before the fire, with her back toward it, and took the candlestick in her hand.

The room was clean and orderly.

The chairs stood in a row against the wall.

Photographs of the good old parents, with more cord than frame, and more frame than picture, hung in the recesses on either side of the mantel.

She did not dare to glance towards them.

In the middle of the table lay the Bible, a white tidy beneath it, a big fringed book-mark hanging over its gilt edge.

Her hair felt like rising on end.

Then she put her hand in her pocket, and drew forth a knife.

The light from the candle fell upon her face.

It was ghastly.

She took one step forward, and then paused.

She took another step, and paused.

Anyone who had observed her would certainly have believed that she was going straight to poor Cousin Betsy's room, to end that lady's life, but she paused, set down the candlestick—knelt down—opened the family Bible at the fly leaf, and slowly, cautiously began to scrape, scrape, scrape at the last two figures of the record of her birth.

Then she crossed the room, took from a fireside cupboard a pen and inkstand, wrote figures in the place of those she had erased; blew upon the leaf until it was dry, carefully touched up the rest of the record to match in brightness, and drew back to read the amended lines, which now plainly stated to all beholders that she had entered this world thirty years before, instead of forty.

"Nobody would guess that it had been meddled with," gasped Miss Cornelia hysterically.

"Nobody—oh, gracious!

"I didn't d[illegible] it—oh!" for an awful voice at that moment muttered her name—

"[illegible]"

It was repeated.

It seemed to come from above.

Cornelia looked up, expecting to see something dreadful.

It was only Cousin Betsy speaking.

All in a cold perspiration, Cornelia managed to reply that she would come in a moment, and then closing the Bible and putting away the writing materials, she crept upstairs, a world of horrible unseen things close after her.

A spectral clutch at her chignon, a cold palm on her arm, would not have surprised her.

She had committed a crime worse than that of robbing a church, she feared.

She had meddled with the solemn record made by hands long since mouldering in the grave, and she had won ten imaginary years by it.

Very pale was Cornelia next morning.

Mr. Dunnday, when he called, hoped Miss Cornelia was not ill, and Miss Cornelia though her guilt were branded on her brow.

However, she recovered her peace of mind in time, and was, as a general thing, herself again, though there were times when she felt that "a judgment" might be expected at any moment.

Mr. Dunnday regularly "came a courting" now.

And he was a rich widower, whose married daughter professed herself anxious that "pa" should have someone to take care of him.

Miss Cornelia had quite made up her mind that lavender should be the color of her wedding-dress.

And the two were sitting together one evening, talking confidentially about rheumatism and its best liniment, when the door-bell rang, and a tall, lean gentleman in a suit of black, was ushered into the parlor.

On courting evenings, Betsy kept herself out of the way, and only Mr. Dunnday was present when the gentleman introduced himself.

"Miss Cornelia Linn, I believe," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Cornelia.

The gentleman bowed, handed her a card with "C. Dodridge, Solicitor," upon it, and took the seat she offered.

"I understand that your respected parents are no more, madam," said the solicitor.

"They would remember better than you do, probably, a period of thirty years ago, when one Mr. Noire lodged with them."

"Yes, sir," said Cornelia, growing red in the face.

"I've heard them speak of him."

"Ah," said the gentleman, "he was a very dear friend as well as client of mine.

"He died about two months ago in London.

"He was very wealthy at the time of his death, and he never forgot the extreme kindness of the friends of thirty years ago, who knew him in his days of comparative poverty.

"Yes, they are gone also; but the little girl who waited on him so lovingly still lives.

"She was eleven years old then. I suppose I address her?"

"No, sir," said Miss Linn, redder than ever—as Mr. Dunnday turned an attentive ear to this dreadful statement—and feeling that one lie begot many, and that having fibbed in the family Bible, she must stick to it or die.

"No, sir.

"I was not born at that date."

"I have my old friend's record," said Mr. Dodridge; "12—was the date of his arrival here.

"You were one month old then. 18—was the date of his departure.

"Plainly you were eleven years of age.

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"No, [illegible] said Miss [illegible] tartly.

"I ought to know.

"I never saw him.

"I was born just after he left, I've been told.

"There's the Bible on the table; look at the date."

She opened the volume at the fatal fly leaf.

"The day of [illegible]

"I see, I see [illegible]

"Well, well.

"And who was the little girl?"

Here was another lie needed.

Mr. Dunnday's eyes opened widely.

He looked at the lawyer; he looked at the lady.

She must fib again, and very blackly this time.

"I [illegible] was a little adopted child who died," said Miss Cornelia, faintly.

"They didn't think they should have any family of their own."

"I see," said the lawyer, rising; "I see; my friend hoped she had grown to be a w[illegible]n.

"[illegible]

"And I can't see why you should come here to add to a lady's age," said Miss Cornelia.

"I'm sure it's very impolite."

"Madam," said Mr. Dodridge, hat in hand, "I have an excuse—Mr. Noire, good old man, left all his fortune to that little girl.

"Had she lived, she would have been an immense heiress.

"A lawyer is naturally cautious.

"I paved the way—paved the way, that is all."

Poor Cornelia!

She gazed at the gentleman in utter consternation, and he continued—

"However, some charities will be the better for the fact.

"No wind but blows someone good, after all."

He departed; Miss Cornelia bowed him out.

After all, what did it matter?

Fortune, in the person of Mr. Dunnday, was at her feet, and she had saved ten years of her age in his eyes.

But alas! what ailed Mr. Dunnday.

He had reason.

His face looked pale, his countenance anxious.

He shook his head slowly, folded the leaves of the family Bible, and spoke as follows—

"[illegible]y, from what I see, you're just [illegible] years of age, aren't ye?"

"Yes," said Cornelia, wonderingly.

"This is a trial to me, Cornely," said Mr. [illegible]

"I know I've been to blame if it comes to nothing, but we must part."

"Did you think I was younger?" said Cornelia.

"Is that it?"

"No, Cornely," said Mr. Dunnday; "but I promised my daughter, Jemima—never to marry no second wife under forty—people generally think you forty, so I picked you out.

"Don't make a goose of yourself by marrying a girl at your age, pa," said [illegible]

"I promised not to.

"So you see I can't break that. Good-bye, [illegible]

"I [illegible] spoiled yer prospects.

"[illegible] man will——"

[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] tell the truth.

"[illegible] for [illegible]

"Records can't lie.

"I saw it in the Bible," said Mr. Dunnday.

"Farewell, Cornely. It's a cross, but I must bear it."

He kissed Cornelia and departed, and since that day Cornelia has had ample time to acknowledge to herself that she made a slight mistake in cutting down the record of her age in the family Bible, and to weigh against the disadvantages of those ten additional years the advantages of a husband and a fortune.

WHERE ARE THEY.—Unless she has been inaccurately quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Miss Susan B. Anthony, in a lecture recently delivered in London, used some figures in gas-meter style in enumerating the changes that had within forty years taken place in the matter of employing women. According to the authority referred to, Miss Anthony said: "Instead of one female doctor, there are now a thousand women in the United States with diplomas from regular medical colleges. Instead of one female minister of religion there are now many in the enjoyment not only of the devotion of their flocks, but also of considerable salaries. In law there are many schools open to women, and the practice of law is permitted them in the Supreme Court. Women are editors of newspapers and publishers of books, and half the reporters in America are women. Five thousand women in America are postmasters." Nobody can be more surprised at the way that half their number are women than the reporters themselves will be. A female reporter, taking the term in its usual application, is a *rara avis* in this section of the country.

LANGUAGES.—The number of languages of all of the number of tongues in the world is not known. There are over 6,000 known languages and dialects; how many more will be discovered when we have thoroughly explored Africa and Central and Northern Asia is still a matter of conjecture.

MOTHER'S DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being unmouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady writes of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would [illegible] doses of Hop [illegible] for two or three weeks, [illegible] be all a parent could [illegible]

CURIOUS WILLS.

OF curious bequests, there would seem to be no end; indeed, any one bent upon making a complete collection of such singularities, has a hobby that will last a lifetime.

For the newest specimen of eccentricity in this line we are beholden to Signor Dante Favello, a well-to-do gentleman, 'late of Naples,' and still later of London, where his will was proved [illegible] By this document, the [illegible] leaves to the Italian municipalities four hundred and fifty pounds each, and the corporation of London seven hundred pounds; the interest in each case to be given every year to three poor girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, by way of marriage portion, the [illegible] of the candidates to be decided [illegible] by favor.

Testators can do pretty much as they please in disposing of their property, they have no such power as to the disposition of their remains.

Dr. Crittenden, a London physician, directed that within three days after his death his body should be handed over to his dear friend Eliza Williams, to be dealt with in such a manner as he had set down in an authoritative letter to the said Eliza Williams; any expenses incurred by her in carrying out his instructions to be paid by his executors within three months after decease.

In the letter to his lady-friend, the Doctor expressed his desire that his body should be burned "when dead," by being placed over and surrounded by fagots of wood; the calcined bones and fragments to be collected together, and inced in a Wedgwood vase, which he had already given into her keeping; or if that were not large enough, in a vase, metallic or otherwise, but, as she was aware, he had a preference for earthenware.

Captain Hartmann, a retired officer, well known in Jamaica, and noted for his fondness for animals, was as brave a fellow as here and there one meets; but while he did not fear death, he was possessed with a great dread of being buried alive, and made sure of escaping premature interment, by ordering his body to be kept in an open coffin till the last moment possible, when his head was to be cut off by a surgeon, who was to be paid ten pounds for performing the operation.

That he considered life itself a great blessing, was further shown by his appointing a person to look after his dogs, cats, and birds, and see they wanted for nothing; while for the many horses, mules, and asses calling him master, they were to be released from labor for evermore, and made free of pasturage of grazing-ground as long as they lived.

When the last of these animal legatees dies, and not until then, the estate is to be realized, and the proceeds handed over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It will be some years before the Society enjoys the handsome bequest; but its patience is not likely to be as sorely tried as that of the heir of an old Canadian farmer who is bound to work the farm for his step-mother's advantage as long as she lives, and then commence paying the rent to the family—fifty dollars a year—until three thousand dollars have been so distributed amongst them, when the farm will become his own.

He is now thirty years of age; his step-mother is a woman in the prime of life, and reckoned good for another forty years.

After her death, it will take him sixty years to pay off the encumbrances on the farm, so that he may cheerfully calculate on being its sole possessor when he has attained the patriarchal age of a hundred and thirty. So may it be!

WHILE Benny Carter, of Salem, W. V., was leaning over his boat hauling in a fish, he was seized with cramps, fell overboard, and was drowned.

THE KAISER'S HAT.—The disrespectful rumor that the Emperor William has an old pug hat that he had made in 1857, and that he wears it yet on dress occasions, doubtless sprung from the fact that he still retains an old brownish gray havelock, which he wears in the spring and fall on his visits, and with which, although it is 25 years old, he seems unwilling to part.

THE DAY OF THE WEEK.—To find the day of the week on which any particular date of the current year will fall, divide the whole number of days from the time when computation is made by 7.

If there is no remainder the day sought will be the same day of the week as the day when computation is made.

If there be a remainder of one it is the next day of the week and so on.

Illustration: Suppose it is Monday, July 9, and the question is, what day of the week will August 10 be, proceed as follows: In July after July 9 there are 22 days. Add 10 days in August, making 32 days. Divide 32 by 7, and the quotient is 4 and 4 remainder. Now, July 9 was Monday, so August 10 will be the fourth day of the week after Monday, or Friday. To find the day of the week for dates in other years than the current one, is a much more [illegible] matter. It involves many elements, and is, withal, an arithmetical problem.

Ayer's Pills are effectual in a wide range of diseases which arise from disorders of the stomach and digestive organs. They [illegible] band. They are sugar coated, easy to take, effective to operate, sure to bring relief and

New Publications.

"A Year of Sunshine," is a good collection of literary extracts for every day in the year, selected and arranged by Kate Sanborn. They consist of prose and verse, in length from a line to half a page, and range from truthful to the serious. A great deal of taste has been shown in choice of matter, and it will prove very useful in the way of using the spare moments that are happening with all daily. It is beautifully printed and beautifully bound. Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

"Our Little Ones and The Nursery," for November is a most attractive book for younger readers. In nature of subject, treatment, pictures, type, etc., it is particularly adapted for, and cannot fail to be a most welcome visitor among them. Russell, Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

"Laura, An American Girl" will no doubt be extensively read, if only from curiosity to see whether that manifold creature has developed any new traits in this latest novel contribution to her history. But apart from curiosity it deserves reading for other reasons. Every character in the book, at home and abroad, is natural and possible. There is little plot to speak of in the usual sense of the word, for American girls as a rule are too practical for ideal romance, but this lack is made up by the expression of plenty of opinions, etc., more or less, interesting, witty and apt. The work altogether is rather in the nature of mosaic, and seems a series of observations on people things and places, connected by the medium of characters and story. It will, however, as we have already intimated well bear personal. Price, $1.50. Lippincott & Co. Publishers.

We have received the Catalogue of the Boston Foreign Exhibition, and would call the attention of our readers to the wonderful collection described in its pages. We find that in all there are forty-five different nations represented. The Catalogue contains much useful information in reference to the history and statistics of the various nations, and is illustrated with portraits of the reigning sovereigns. The Foreign Exhibition Catalogue is compiled by the Secretary, Gen. C. B. Norton, published by Geo. Coolidge, Foreign Exhibition, Boston, Mass., and sent postpaid by the publisher on receipt of price (25 cents.) Sold by the [illegible] and newsdealers generally.

"Felicitas" is a romance from the German of Felix Dahn, translated by Mary J. Safford. It is located in the fifth century and deals with the places and [illegible] incident to the barbarian invasion of that period. While having all the merit of a good love story, it introduces in a very imperceptible but instructive and entertaining way valuable points, concerning the history of the domestic life, manners etc., of the Romans and Germans of that day. It is not only an agreeable but also a useful story. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Wortington's Annual" for 1884 is among the very [illegible] books and it [illegible] It is made up of a series of interesting stories, anecdotes, biographies, natural history, in prose and poetry, short and long, and all of character specially calculated, to strengthen the heart and mind, while satisfying the curiosity of those for whom they are intended, the young folks. But the value of the stories from an interesting and moral point of view is not the only great recommendation. The said contents are [illegible] of three hundred [illegible] with [illegible] the most magnificent style of the color printer's art. Each is good in itself, matter and pictures, but together they constitute a [illegible] eye and mind of the young, of which they could hardly get enough. Worthington 770 Broadway, New York, Publisher. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Grey Hawk, Life and Adventures among the Indians," edited by James Macauley, A. M., M. D. This is the title of a recent addition or rearrangement of an old addition to the country's large [illegible] of literature on this subject. On such a theme it would naturally be supposed that nothing new could be written. In this case however, the editor has taken an old work which had great prestige some forty years ago, and by dropping comparatively uninteresting, and brightening all its parts, succeeded in producing an exceptionally entertaining and instructive work. It is full of life and adventure, photographing the savage, as he really was, together with his surroundings. To get a good idea of the red man, in brief space and in a pointed way, we know of nothing better. The maturer reader will find it worth reading and the boy will be delighted. Lippincott & Co. Price $1.50.

Two Austin ladies were conversing about one thing and another, after the manner of women. "Mrs. Sampleby has not been to see me in a long time," remarked one of the ladies. "She hasn't got time to make calls. She has to take care of and be with her husband all the time." "Why, is he laid up with sickness?" "Oh, no; on the contrary, he is in the enjoyment of the best of health. If he was sick she would not have to watch him."

An English vicar has taken to the lecture [illegible] science and [illegible] that [illegible] less than four

Our Young Folks.

THE DISCONTENTED BITTERN.

BY PIPKIN.

UPON the margin of a pool a Tiger Bittern had made his nest, and for a while lived very comfortably in his new home.

Nor had the Bittern any lack of society, for he was a very grand bird, and his relations were glad to call upon him and converse about the weather, and such topics.

But on the morning upon which we make his acquaintance he felt rather discontented, yet could not have told why.

"What is the use of my sitting here on the margin of this pond?" he cried.

"I was born for better things than to hide myself here—my beautiful feathers and my long bill were never meant to be hidden behind all these common reeds.

"I will leave here, and seek my fortune."

The Reeds heard this, and bending down their heads, whispered together, and rustled up and down, feeling very much annoyed.

A very old Reed bent quite down to the water as the south wind came along, and when he came straight again he nodded his head, and then shook it in a very "knowing" manner, as much as to say—

"We shall see who will be best off, after all."

Unfortunately the Tiger Bittern did not hear what the Reed said, and perhaps it would not have done him any good if he had heard it, for I think we shall find, as we go through the world, that advice, even when understood, is not always taken.

So the Tiger Bittern went out to seek his fortune.

He liked the water in a neighboring pond very much, and when he had made up his mind to settle there, he wandered about and fancied he was happy, and affected a jovial air.

It happened next morning that he went out and gazed into the pool. If the truth must be told, he was getting just a little bit [illegible]

He had nothing to do there, while at home he had his nest to attend to, and many little occupations, and yet plenty of play-time too.

But here it was all a holiday-time.

As he walked along he perceived a fish, and looked down in a very disdainful manner at it.

"Fancy being a fish!" he said aloud, "a cold creature, only fit to eat. I wouldn't be a cold fish!"

As he said this the Fish popped up its head.

"What did you say?" it inquired politely.

"I said I wouldn't be a fish, nor would I, for all the world," replied the Bittern sharply.

"I have no taste for such a life."

"Indeed!" remarked the Fish.

"Then how is it that you devour fish when you can get them?

"I know quite well what you do.

"You go out at night and pick up all you can find."

"I do as I please," replied the Bittern.

"If I prefer to eat my dinner into instead of early, it is no business of yours."

"No," replied the Fish, "so long as you don't eat me or my family.

"I am quite surprised to see you here so early.

"I do not think you have ever been here before."

"No," answered the Bittern.

"I felt very unhappy where I was, and came here for change.

"But after all I am not sure whether I have done right or not.

"What do you think?"

"Oh, I cannot answer for you," retorted the Fish.

"I am very much obliged to you.

"I get my food in the water, and as it is I am very uncomfortable chatting here with you.

I must be off."

"Wait a minute," said the Bittern.

"You said you wondered why I came here.

"I will tell you. I came for change and amusement."

"Why did you leave home?" interrupted the Fish.

"You had a very happy nest and friends."

"Yes," replied the Bittern, hanging its head.

"I once knew a creature they called a 'child,'" said the Fish, "a thing on two legs like yourself, but it had no feathers and no beak, no long bill like you, and it was not to be trusted at times."

"I have seen such things," said the Bittern.

"They run about and cry out loudly, and frighten one sometimes.

"They are curious things, these children."

"Well, sometimes they are discontented.

"This child I knew by sight tried for one whole week with a silvery-looking pointed thing, and a worm, to catch me.

"He wanted me to bite the worm, and pull me away from my wife and family, and kill me."

"What a wicked child!" remarked the Bittern, eyeing the fat fish.

"He didn't want you to eat?"

"No, he didn't want me, but he wanted to see me in fun!

"He had plenty of things to eat, for he threw them into the water, and we ate them up; but he was not happy with all he had, and wished to kill me just for amusement."

"Dear me!" remarked the Bittern.

"But I must be going. Shall I see you this evening?"

"I think not," replied the knowing Fish.

"I am going to visit a friend.

"But I should advise you to go home; you will not find this place to suit you.

"Don't be discontented; you have everything you want."

"Not everything," replied the Tiger Bittern.

"I want—something—whisper to me.

"Come closer."

The Fish came close to the bank, and put up its head to hear what the Bittern had to say, and as it rose up the bird stooped, and in a moment had swallowed him.

"There," said the Bittern to himself.

"Now I shall have no more advice; I won't be talked to by a mere common Fish any more."

But this cruel conduct met with its due reward.

The Bittern, being very hungry, had eaten the fish in the day-time, which it had never done before, for Bitterns as a rule feed at night.

The Fish's friends had seen the bird eat the poor Fish, and told all their relations, and they came up to look at the Bittern, and then swam away to quite another part of the pond.

At length the bird had nothing to eat, and felt very sorry that he had been so cruel and so treacherous.

But sorrow was no use; he had done an unkind and cruel act, and he could not do any good now.

The Fish was eaten, and disagreed with him!

But the worst was to come.

The Bittern could find nothing more to eat, and determined to go home again.

"After all, I was happier at home," he thought, and then he remembered how he had treated the poor Fish, whose family were perhaps waiting for him to come home, and if he had not been a selfish and discontented bird he would have been sorry.

But he wasn't.

He was walking home in a very grand way indeed,

when a [illegible] went past, and the Bittern fell with a broken [illegible] in the breast.

[illegible]

"I never knew a Tiger Bittern out here before.

"How fortunate we are; he is a fine fellow!

"Bring him in, Cæsar."

The Bittern could only think how foolish he had been in leaving home.

Had he remained contented he might have been alive and happy, instead of mangled on the island, frightened almost to death, too, by a great dog.

He thought of his nest, and his friends, and the poor Fish—and was very sorry.

He gave one hoarse cry of pain and regret, and died!

If he had only been contented in his nice home he might have been alive now.

He was cruel and selfish, and he paid the penalty.

THE TEN SERVANTS.—If I was a little girl who lived in the country and wanted my mamma to tell me a story, I think I should do just what dear little Ethel once did, when she trotted off to the garden seat because she had been promised a story about a girl in Germany who kept ten servants.

Ethel wanted to know how a girl could keep so many servants.

"I read, Ethel," said mamma, "of a poor little girl who lived in Germany whose name was Greta.

"She had no father, mother, sister, or brother, but was in a house with her uncle, and she often was very lonely and sad.

"One day an old lady knocked at the door, and saw Greta crying, and said, 'Why, Greta, what are you crying for?'

"'Oh, Auntie Grotchen,' Greta said, 'I am so lonely and dull here!

"'Nearly all the day I am alone, with no one to talk to, and I can't help crying.'

"'Why,' said auntie, 'you dull and lonely, and with ten servants too! Greta, I am ashamed of you.'

"'Yes,' said the old lady, 'you have ten servants, and they have such funny names; and they want to be doing something to keep you from being so dull.

"'There is Polly Brush and Tommy Wash; Mary Patch and Susan Catch; Jacob Fetch and Ellen Stretch; Peter Plunge and Nelly Sponge; Johnny Right and Betsey Bright.

"'But I can't stop another minute, Greta,' said the old lady; and off she went.

"Greta ate her dry bread, drank some water, and then began to laugh about the old lady and what she had said.

"Greta soon found out that if she used her ten fingers, and did more about the house, these ten servants would keep her busy and please her uncle.

"'Greta,' said a lady who called afterward to see her, 'how do you manage to have everything in the house so tidy?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'I keep ten servants, and they are always ready to help me.'"

EXPERIENCE, wounded, is the school where men learn piercing wisdom.

We often hear people say, there is only one good cough medicine and that is Dr. [illegible] Syrup, and we cheerfully say [illegible] bottle.

THE RED POPPY.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

FARMER ATWOOD had just come in from the hay-field.

Upon the door-step, in the shadow of the great bush that hung so full of coral drops in the autumn, and was now yellowing all over with blossoms, sat a brown-faced boy, with great black eyes, and many rags and tatters in his garments.

He rose up awkwardly as the farmer approached.

"Please, sir," said he, "I was a thinkin' I could get a job of work here."

"Indeed," said the farmer, brusquely.

"And what made you think that, Lawrence Allison?

"I don't take all sorts of vagrants into my employ."

The boy colored so deep a scarlet, that it was perceptible, even beneath the bronzed tint of his sunburnt skin.

"I'm ready and willin' to work, sir," said he, "but I can't get on with Mr. Cadwell."

"Why not?"

"Because," flashed out the boy, "he treats me as if I were a dog."

"Well, what else do you consider yourself?

"Come.

"Be off.

"I've no time to parley with you, or the likes of you.

"Clear out, quick, and don't stop to linger around my hen-roosts, or I'll know the reason why afore a justice of the peace."

As the boy walked slowly away with shuffling footsteps, and winking hard to keep back the tears he was too proud to shed, a pretty gentle face looked over the fringe of vines in the buttery window.

"Father," said Mrs. Atwood, "don't you think you were pretty short with the boy?"

"Short?

"Good Jerusalem!" Farmer Atwood's favorite expletive; "what would you have?

"I've no time to waste to discourse.

"He's a young limb of Satan, and won't come to no good, so the sooner we've quit of him the better, say I."

"I was thinking of saving him a bit of cold chicken, and a drink," said Mrs. Atwood, "but you came up so sudden that

"Just as well that I did," said the farmer roughly.

"Better save your food and drink for them as deserves it."

"Somehow I feel sorry for that boy," said Mrs. Atwood.

"Oh, fiddlesticks," said the farmer.

"If ever a lad deserved the prison, he does."

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," said Mrs. Atwood mildly.

"Jonas Cadwell's is a hard place to live.

"He's a regular old brute, besides being a miser, and nothing was ever proved against Lawrence Allison."

"Oh, of course not," said Farmer Atwood.

"He's a deal too slippery a young eel for that."

Mrs. Atwood said nothing more.

But her nature was cast in a gentler mould than that of her husband, and she never could cease to remember that if the little boy who fell under the hay-cutter, ten years ago, this very harvesting, had lived, he would have been just about Lawrence's age.

"I know he's an angel in heaven," the poor woman would say, wiping her eyes, "but all the same, every fatherless and motherless boy seems to look at me out of his eyes."

All that was in her mind the next day, when, driving her little dappled pony up to the village shop, she saw Lawrence Allison skulking around the door, and three villainous-looking boys a little in the background.

"Lawrence, come here," she called to him.

He came, unwillingly enough.

"Don't you want to hold my horse?" she asked.

"He'll stand well enough, ma'am, or I can tie him."

"I want to speak to you, Lawrence. Are those Scott's boys with you?"

He averted his eyes, and kicked a straw back and forth, as he answered—

"Yes'm.

"Do you know who and what they are?"

"I suppose so, ma'am."

"Where are you going from here?"

"I was going up the road, as far as the fair ground."

"With them?"

"Yes'm."

"Lawrence," said Mrs. Atwood, gently laying her hand on his arm, "this is your last chance.

"Don't go.

"If you go, you are ruined."

"I'm that a'ready, ma'am," said Lawrence, recklessly.

"Leastways, everybody seems to think I'm a scamp, and if I has the name, I may as well have the game.

"I [illegible] Scott boys, they don't turn up their noses at me, they lets me keep company with 'em, anyhow."

"They have been in prison."

"I know that," he said, in a low tone.

"Lawrence, look here," said Mrs. Atwood.

"Do you want work?"

"If I could get a decent stroke of work to do, ma'am, I wouldn't be loafing here."

"I have a brother nineteen miles from here, who has a hop garden, and employs a good many people about this time of year.

"I'll give you a line to him."

Lawrence's face brightened up.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, earnestly.

"Mind, now, I am trusting you."

"You needn't be afraid, ma'am," said Lawrence, huskily.

"All I ask is a chance."

"Here," said she, hastily pencilling a line or two on the back of a business card that she happened to have in her pocket, "take this.

"And Lawrence, I don't want you to starve upon the road."

She gave him a two dollar bill as she spoke.

He drew back, coloring.

"I am not begging, ma'am."

"Keep it, my boy.

"You may need it.

"You probably will. Now go, and God bless you."

A great choking lump rose into Lawrence's throat.

The big tree on the opposite side of the green swam before his eyes.

"Nobody ever said 'God bless you' to me afore," said he.

"Oh, I'll try to deserve her kindness, I will. I will."

The Scott boys went on alone to prosecute their business.

Lawrence Allison had set his first footsteps on the path of his new life.

Mrs. Atwood drove home without even entering the shop.

"Well, old lady," said her husband, when she returned, "what sort of a pattern-calico did you buy?"

Mrs. Atwood's fair, matronly face, was suffused with as bright a blush as dyes the cheek of eighteen.

"I didn't buy anything, John," said she.

"I—I determined to wait until the new goods come in."

"But where's the red poppy off your hat?" asked her husband.

"Well, I told you last Sabbath-day that it wasn't safe, pinned on so."

"Is it gone again?" said Mrs. Atwood, taking off her neat, black straw-hat, and ruefully surveying the place where the red poppy-flower had been, but was no more.

"Well, let it go. I can easily tack on a bit of cherry ribbon in its place."

* * * * * *

"Lived with me three years. The best boy I ever had.

"Got to feel 'most as if he was my own," said honest Abraham Bliss, flourishing his bandanna handkerchief rather suspiciously between the sentences.

"Well, I never," said Mr. Atwood. "It can't be our Lawrence Allison, mother, can it?

"And yet, it ain't a common name either."

"I—I think it is," said Mrs. Atwood.

"And did you say he was dead, brother Abraham?"

"Died last week," said Mr. Bliss, making another plunge at the bandanna handkerchief.

"Got burned saving Sally and the little ones, in the fire that razed the cottage to the ground.

"Why, my little Trioksey—Baby Jessie, you know—would have been wasted to a cinder if it hadn't been for Lawrence.

"I wasn't at home, you know, and it did seem as if every man about the place lost his common sense.

"I tell you, I wept when they told me Lawrence was a-dying.

"I have given very pretty [illegible] I have—and it ain't no small sum, neither—if I could have kept the breath of life in him.

"And, look here, Martha," extending to her what looked like a coarse, crumpled red flower, "he wanted me to give that to you.

"He said he picked it up in the road after you drove away that day.

"He always carried it in his pocket.

"The boys used to joke him about it, and say they believed it was from his sweetheart—and he wanted me to tell you there wasn't a night afore he went to bed but he kissed it.

"'She gave me a chance,' says he. 'She believed I had it in me to become a good man.

"'And if it hadn't been for this'—with his hand pressed tight where the awful pain was—'I'd have showed her her kindness wasn't thrown away.

"'Give her back the little red flower, and tell her I always did my best, and never forgot as she'd trusted in me.'"

Honest Abraham's eyes were swimming in tears as he concluded.

"Yes," said Mrs. Atwood softly, "it was Lawrence Allison.

"Poor boy, poor boy."

"I'm sorry now as I spoke so rough to him that day," said Mr. Atwood, indistinctly.

So the grass grew green over the solitary [illegible] grave, and although Martha Atwood never had had but one boy in this world, she always felt as if she had two in heaven.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.

GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with [illegible] and general debility, by the advice of friends I used [illegible] bitters, and I must say [illegible] I ever used. [illegible] testify [illegible]

MRS. C. ANSON.

TRUSTFULNESS.

BY S. A.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom comes with swift-winged flight
The grey mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she uses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most truthful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main:
To rock the tree tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

So dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease then! and in this dewy twilight move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal love—
God's endless by-and-by.

MATCH-MAKING.

AMERICAN mothers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management on behalf of their daughters.

A Parisian newspaper some time ago recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match making, executed by an American lady of this order, in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and after "doing" the continent, had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring. Attractive and clever, she had many suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question:

"What shall I do?"

Ten days later she received a cablegram from mamma:

"I sail to-morrow. Hold both until I arrive."

The next transatlantic steamer brought Mrs. Blank with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival, the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters, that in a few weeks she reached port with all colors flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination, she had decided that neither of the nice fellows should go out of the family.

Here is an illustration of a much less skilful attempt at match-making, with a very different ending. A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take his leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress.

"It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?"

"Oh," replied the M. P., with much adroitness, "you can just say she refused me."

Men do not, as a rule, figure conspicuously as match-makers; but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentleman of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished tactician of either sex.

"Brown," said a neighbor to him one day, "I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, when none of mine do."

"Oh, that's simple enough," he replied, "I can marry my girls off on the buckwheat-straw principle."

"But what principle is that? Never heard of it before.

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat-straw nicely, and built a high-rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it must be something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away, and put up the fence a few times; but the more I chased them off, the more anxious they became to eat the straw; and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins to call on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often, and stay as late as he pleases; and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. For the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted about my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathize with each other; and the next thing I know is, that they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I, of course, give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters, fed them largely on fish-diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

Grains of Gold.

If your path is smooth—watch and pray.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

Let us first search ourselves, and afterwards the world.

True love is always firm, and true firmness is always love.

All things have some kind of standard by which their worth are to be measured.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent.

Where we may not be able to extirpate an evil, it is still our duty to do what we can to lessen it.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words, once spoken, can never be recalled.

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield.

Whoever strikes hard must prepare for the rebounder. If we criticise, we must not wince when we are criticised.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

Prejudices are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

If you would do good to others, you must be good before others. No can be a safe guide in a path he has not traveled.

Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of the window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

Nearly always, in cases of needed reproof, or even counsel, indirect measures are more successful than direct ones.

The years write their records on human hearts as they do in trees, in hidden inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character, without it, is blunt and torpid.

We must, if we are wise, make some calculation in our life, and say what we shall spend now, and what we shall keep for the future.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.

Sober sense, self-possession and intelligent self-control are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

We were sent into the world not only to enjoy ourselves, but to do our best to make those under our influence good and wise, strong and happy.

Character, judgment, virtue, unselfishness, mastery of one's own self—it is these that tell in the long run, far more than the most brilliant qualities.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much to the faults of his companions, which offend him, than to their perfections, which please him.

All changes, to be permanent and improving, must be gradual. Leaps and jumps are not successfully taken either in mental advancement or in moral character.

There is nothing which helps us so much to feel that our lives have been worth living, as the humble but grateful consciousness that we have helped some other soul to fulfil its destiny.

Femininities.

About the only troubles that come singly are fussy old maids.

The question is: Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang?

A New York preacher is telling the girls that it is not religious to dress so handsomely for church.

Two young men in Forsyth county, Ga., took out licenses to marry the same girl, and she refused them both.

A California man shook his girl because she was going down to an early death, owing to her overpowering love for raw peanuts.

The caught him reading the family Bible, and gave him the mitten, because she thought he was trying to find out how old she was.

The women's department of the Boston Fair contains a number of articles invented by women. A burglar-proof lock is one of them.

"My wife has run away from me," said the Arkansas gentleman. "That so?" remarked an acquaintance. "We can sympathize with each other, for I have just run away from my wife."

"Yes," remarked the economical storekeeper, "I expect a big run of custom this week. I told my wife that I had the best stock of goods in the city—and her Sewing Circle meets to-morrow.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring Dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'O don't bother me now; I want to look through this paper.'"

A California lady has a pair of scissors which have been used by herself and her mother for seventy-six years. It is presumed that no editorial borrower could get hold of the aforesaid shears during that time.

She was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper, as one may gather from her remark when some one suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she said, "if they are in season we'd better have some."

A young man in Dayton, O., has commenced proceedings to ascertain by judicial question whether the father of a young lady to whom he was attached, had a right to enforce with a horse-whip his order to keep away from the front gate.

Nilsson says Patti's voice holds out remarkably well for a woman of her age. Patti only hopes she may be able to sing as well as Nilsson when she is as old as Nilsson. Gerster remembers the pleasure both those singers gave her when she was a little girl.

A Stratford, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across the face, breaking his nose. This bears out Dio Lewis' theory that husband and wife should not occupy the same sleeping-room.

At Bellevue, Ont., a breach of promise suit was to have been tried, but while the judge and jury were getting ready to listen to the story of love grown cold, and hearts estranged, the plaintiff and defendant adjourned to a preacher's house and were married.

Some admiring poet said of his best girl, "Upon her face a thousand dimples smile for me." Which only adds more emphasis to the adage, "Love is blind." How like the mischief a girl would look with a thousand dimples on her face. The poet must have meant freckles.

Early marriages are the rule in China. Parents deem it a religious duty to provide matches for their children very young, and the young people go to the altar in much the same way as they go to school in other lands. This accounts for the dense population of the empire.

A late novel marries off its heroine under the prescription of the family physician as the only means of saving her from insanity. The diagnosis of the case was eminently correct, for when everything else fails, marriage is sure to bring the lovesick back to their senses.

An Indianapolis paper thus summed up the divorce market in that locality: Brisk competition among our local lawyers has brought down the price of divorces. We quote: Common separation, $15; small alimony, $25; large alimony, $50 to $100, according to the circumstances. Business good and increasing.

Seashore episode: Mrs. A., who is of a jealous turn, to Miss B., who is no longer in the heyday of youth—"Why, Miss B., was it you I saw talking so confidentially with my husband on the piazza this morning? I thought it was some young lady, and began to be quite jealous, but I feel relieved when I find it was only you!"

A man rushed up to a woman looking in a show-window, and, grasping her by the arm, angrily exclaimed: "Come on, I'm tired of waiting for you." Then, noticing he had made a mistake, he drew back with, "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I mistook you for my wife." "I thought so," she answered, with a scornful sneer, and passed on up the street.

A Baltimore dealer in ladies' hosiery says: The sizes range from eight to ten. In Baltimore the average is from eight to eight and a half. In Boston and Chicago it is from nine to nine and a half; and in New York from eight and a half to nine. It is a well-known fact among hosiery dealers that the women of Baltimore have the smallest feet in the country.

In the children's carnival at Saratoga, last summer, one little girl was dressed to represent a gold mine, and she looked like a forty-pound nugget. Her shoes were gilded, her stockings were of gold-colored silk, her pantalettes were bordered with bullion fringe, and her gown was a mass of gilded silk bunched up so that it looked like a rough, irregular chunk of gold.

A man appeared at a San Francisco police station and said he had been poisoned by his wife. He described minutely the circumstances of the poisoning, asserted that the dose was put in his coffee, and then, falling in spasms, he died. The wife was at once arrested, but on examination it was found that there was no trace of poison, and that the death was from apoplexy.

News Notes.

Boston is having a cat show.

Doves and pigeons generally pair for life.

The Africans of Congo eat salt alone as a delicacy.

Baltimore has what is called a baby dancing class.

There are said to be nearly 600 millionaires in Berlin.

The entire feathers of an owl weigh only an ounce and a half.

An Illinois man has philosophically willed his corpse to a medical school.

A man 100 years old recently voted for the first time, in Kensington, Conn.

An Ottawa man with only one arm has married a woman with only one leg.

Jennie Scott, seven years old, is "lecturing" to delighted audiences in Texas.

Each year marks a further decline in the number of wearers of peasant costumes in Europe.

A Lancaster carpenter slipped between rafters, and was caught by the neck and choked to death.

The King of Siam, aged 20 years, has allowed his finger-nails to grow until they are over a foot long.

Mr. Hayden, of New York, is 80 years old, has $10,000,000, and his latest baby is only two years old.

B. M. Winters, of Fremont, O., was re-elected county treasurer, but died before the polls were closed.

There is a standing reward of $2,000 in Nebraska for the discovery in that state of a paying vein of coal.

Anthony Trollope has derived an income of over $100,000 from his novels. He was very poor in his youth.

As soon as Mrs. John Simpson heard that her six-year-old son was drowned, in Ohio, she committed suicide.

The widow of Carey, the murdered informer, has been granted a pension of twenty-five dollars a week.

A tract of land containing 460,000,000 feet of timber has just been sold in Arkansas to foreign capitalists.

A candidate for a judicial position in Nebraska is familiarly known to the people as the "Texas Steer."

Thieves stole the Bible and lamps from the Presbyterian Church, at Greenville, Texas, and pawned them for whisky.

Steam whistles are called "American devils," in England, and the law forbids their use in various parts of the country.

Money in Tonquin is made of lead. A lady going shopping is followed by a coolie, who carries her purse and perspires.

There are two colored female lawyers in the United States. Mary A. S. Cary, of Michigan, and Louise V. Bryant, of Colorado.

A man out West, eighty-two years old, who has passed forty years of life in jail, has reformed and joined the church.

Prof. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, says that a student should never sleep less than eight hours, nor study directly after meals.

The following advertisement appeared the other morning in the columns of a daily paper: "Wanted—A nurse for an infant aged about 20."

A shower of half-grown frogs is reported to have descended during a recent rainstorm at Alkali Stage Station, about fifteen miles from Billings, M. T.

A unique feature appearing on the bill of fare used at a banquet in Richmond, Va., was the printing of the menu in red letters on the back of a Confederate State $10 bill.

English is now spoken so much in Paris that the only way Americans can converse there so as not to be understood is to talk in French—the French they learned at boarding school.

Connecticut farmers, says a Hartford paper are numerously given to buying oleomargarine, moulding it over at home, and supplying it in Hartford as the genuine product of their own dairies.

While working in a saw-mill near New Bedford, Ohio, Jacob Steinel fell on a circular saw, cut his skull off above his eyes, and cut through the body diagonally before they succeeded in stopping the mill.

A Chicago commercial traveler says that in a small village in Northern Michigan he found a notice placed on the door of a store, which read: "Gone to bury my wife; will be back in thirty minutes."

A 15-year-old boy, in South Carolina, wanted the cook, aged 40 years, to elope with him. She told his father about it, and he was spanked and locked up in a room and kept on bread and water for a week.

A colored pastor led his congregation to the diamond field in Houston, Texas, where the boys were playing ball on Sunday, and there the brethren and sisters knelt and prayed. They occupied all the bases, and thus effectually stopped the game.

ONE COLD IS SOMETIMES CONTRACTED ON TOP OF ANOTHER, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the Lungs so strained and racked, that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease may be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung Trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative, of long-established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

In the history of the Academy of Sciences there is an account of a musician who was cured of a violent fever by a concert at his bedside.

In the reign of Henry III. of France, the musician Claude de Jeune, playing at the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse in the Phrygian mode, animated, not the King, but a courtier, who forgot himself so far as to put his hand to his sword in the presence of his Soverign; but the musician, hastening to calm him, had recourse to the hypo-Phrygian mode.

Boyle mentions some females who burst into tears when they heard a certain tune, which had no uncommon effect on the rest of the audience.

Rousseau says that "he knew at Paris a woman of condition, who could not hear any kind of music without being seized with an involuntary and violent fit of laughter."

Plato says "no change can be made in music without affecting the constitution of the State;" and pretends that there are sounds which excite meanness of soul, insolence, and their contrary views.

Polybius tells us that music was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians, who inhabited country where the air was cold and impure; that those of Cynethia, who neglected music, surpassed all the Greeks in cruelty, and that there was no city in which so many crimes had been committed.

Music made part of the study of the Pythagoreans, who used it to inspire the heart with laudable actions, and to inflame it with the love of virtue.

According to these philosophers, our soul was in a manner composed of harmony: and Dryden in modern days says:—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony.
This universal frame began;
Through all the compass of the notes it ran
The diapason closing full in man."

Some authors tell us that music acts upon inanimate bodies.

Norhoff mentions a certain Dutchman, of the name of Pettor, who broke a glass by the sound of his voice.

Kircher speaks of a great stone which vibrated at the sound of a certain organ pipe.

Boyle says that the stalls tremble often at the sound of the organ in a cathedral; that he has felt them tremble under his hand at the sound of an organ or a voice; and that he has been assured that those which were firmly put together vibrated at some determined tone.

There is a famous pillar in the church at Ratisbon which trembles sensibly at the sound of a certain bell, while the other pillars remain motionless.

The effect of the high notes of the pianoforte upon the great lion in the Zoological Gardens is very great.

At first he remains silent and motionless; but no sooner are the flat notes sounded than he springs up, and endeavors to break loose, lashes his tail, and appears to be enraged and furious; so much so, as to alarm the female spectators.

The effect of high and low notes have likewise been tried on Jumbo by playing on the pianoforte and French horn.

The upper notes of the pianoforte scarcely attracted the attention of the animal, but the lower notes excited and retained it.

The full sound of the French horn produced the same result.

Sir Everard Home proves that the membrana tympania of the elephant is muscular as well as this membrane in the human subject; but from the great difference in its form and structure in the elephant, compared with that of the human ear, it is obvious that the animal cannot adapt its ear to musical sounds as the human ear can, the fibres being of various lengths.

NEVER DESPAIR.—Despair is the devil's best ally, and discouragement is the traitor who oftenest opens the door to it. A disheartened man is always a weak man; he has begun to doubt the possibility of victory; he is ready to accept defeat as a foregone conclusion. Instead of searching out the sources of his weakness in his own character he is beginning to discover them in his inheritance; to feel that he was doomed to defeat before he came on the field of struggle, and that he can do nothing to avert a fate already decreed for him. This is the hour of supreme peril; this is of temptations the most insidious and dangerous; it is a veritable whisper from the devil, and should be put aside with the same horror with which a healthy mind would thrust aside thoughts of suicide. M. S.

"YOUNG man," said a thin-haired, middle-aged man, "don't entertain any fol-de-rol notions of being married in a balloon, or diving-bell, or by telephone, or anything of the sort. I tell you the romance of the thing won't last always." And he looked as though he was dead sure of what he was talking about, as he stopped for a minute to adjust a long strip of court-plaster to an excoriation on the side of his face.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

IN HIS WAGES.

Here and there it is our fate
To meet a sort of reprobate,
Who makes us feel the proverb lame,
That man and master are the same.
It chanced within a century
There lived at B——
A saint, who well deserved
In rum to be preserved.
So pious and so fond of freedom,
No one to slavery would be doom,
But whites with him were not the crack ones,
His charity was all for black ones.
One day a man—a common case—
Was looking out to get a place,
When he was told that there was room
In this said mansion for a groom.
He came, the master most observant,
Strict in the hiring of a servant,
Went thro' the forms inherent to the scene,
Of character, of wages, and of warning.
Good morals, sober, honest, steady, clean,
Shun plays, hate girls, rise early in the morning;
All of which, though wisely he defined it,
He found just as he wished to find it:—
The man himself said so—
And he must know.
But now, though Thomas thought it all too much,
There yet remained this final master-touch.
He said—his visage graced with saint-like air—
"When you have rack'd your horses up.
You'll comb your hair, and wash and sup,
And then, I shall expect, attend at prayers,
There like myself behave,
And sing a stave."
At this, the man—somewhat confused—
Scraped, scratched his head, and mused;
"Yes, sir—oh, yes—but if I must—
As it is right to do what one engages—
Your honor won't object, I trust,
To let it be considered in my wages."

—JOE MILLER.

Humorous.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

Red is the natural color of a young baby, but afterwards it becomes yeller.

It isn't a great ways to the end of a cat's nose, but it's fur to the end of its tail.

A Cincinnati woman testified that her husband got so full of liquor that he had to gasp for breath. A demoralizing case of tight pants.

Everbody knows that carts are inanimate, yet who has not seen a cart follow a horse? Jones thinks perhaps it is because they are attached to each other.

Alarmingly prevalent, death from Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures it. Druggists.

Professor to a class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student—"Limp, too."

It rather disgusted a Vermont man who went to a neighbor's barn to steal a cow, to find when he got the animal home that it was his own cow, which his neighbor had stolen earlier in the night. He says that the aforesaid neighbor is a confounded thief.

Music Everywhere.

That wonderful musical instrument, the "Organetta," is advertised in this issue by the Massachusetts Organ Company 57 Washington St., Boston. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it inculcates a love of music in old and young, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful "Organetta" will play any tune. At the price, $1.50, it is within the reach of all.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 109 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box: twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Golden Prize for 1884

Is now ready, and will be sent free to any one who wishes to become an agent, on receipt of a stamp for postage. The book contains numerous engravings, and such valuable information as every lady and gentleman ought to know. This book will also show you how to become the owner of many valuable articles without costing you a cent—such as Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Organs, Sewing Machines, all kinds of Silver Ware, &c. Address,

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FRINGED CHRISTMAS CARDS. *We will send six Christmas Cards, beautiful colors, trimmed with silk fringe, no two alike, by mail, post paid, for* 50 cts. Williams M. Donaldson & Co., *Cincinnati, O.*

80 CARDS

BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold Edge, with name, 10 cts. We offer $.50 for a pack of cards any other work, or prettier styles, *samples free.* Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 1st's. Foster & Co, Montowese, Ct

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C.E. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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ONE HUNDRED
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One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardily Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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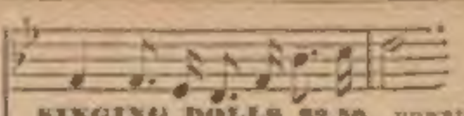
PATENT Procured or no charge. Sp. book patents free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 206 F St., Washington, D.C.

AGENTS WANTED.



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AUREPHONES $10. A first-class, durable mechanical musical instrument; 17 notes and music paper on spools. Agents wanted. Send for circulars.
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BREACH-LOADING GUNS. * * * * * *
50 CARDS—the prettiest pack out With your name on, and description of presents and how to get them. For 10c. O. O., Star Co., Burrville, Ct. Orders filled the Day Received.
SILK DRESS PATTERNS. * * * * * *

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

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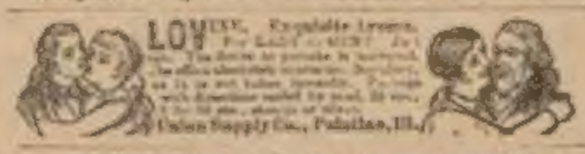
In Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send 4c 2c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.



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On receipt of Post-Office Money Order, Draft or Currency, for $6, with 25 cts. added for packing and registration, payable to G. J. BAKER, Managing Director, THE ELECTROPATHIC ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, 12 East 14th Street, New York, together with measurement round waist under all clothing, we will forward, post-free, to any part of the United States, the BELT OF LIFE as represented above, for either Lady or Gentleman. References can be obtained of our bankers, Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Wall Street, N. Y., as to our financial position and responsibility.
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For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity from 6 to 8 dozen pairs of socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address
JAMES L. BRANSON, 500 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Facetiæ.

Church music is not difficult to a choir.

A garden "waul"—A cat on the back fence.

The great secret of book-keeping—Don't lend them.

When does a clock conceal itself? When it gets behind time.

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still; not noisy.

One never notices the warning, "Paint," until about 2½ seconds too late.

Petitions are being numerously signed in Colorado, asking the State Assembly to make the "dude" lawful game.

The tramp is still scouring the country. It is the only thing he does scour, sadly neglecting himself in this respect.

Too much study is said to affect the mind; and we know a number of cases where it would affect it very favorably, too.

A boy says in his composition that "onions are a vegetable that make you sick when you don't eat them yourself."

Conductor of street car to pedestrian balancing himself with difficulty, "Are you going down?" Pedestrian—"Not if I can help it."

"A never-failing spring," as the boy remarked when the schoolmaster jumped from his seat, which had been previously inoculated with a bent pin.

A Cincinnati man fractured his jaw by trying to bite a pretzel. Foolish man, why did he not begin on something softer—a steel rail, for instance.

"Dar is many a rule," says Uncle Phil, "dat won't work bofe ways. Whisky will produce a headache, but a headache won't produce whisky—no sah."

A valuable exchange publishes an article headed, "Surprising a Minister." Some one, perhaps, dropped a whole quarter into a contribution basket.

The "liver complaint" is most apt to break out in a cheap boarding-house, when there gets to be a monotony of that article of food on the table meal after meal.

"Ouida" once asked Mr. Charles Reade what would be a good name to give her new pet dog. The illustrious author at once answered, "'Tonic,' for it is sure to be a mixture of bark, steal, and whine."

One can't be too careful with firearms. A boy carried a pistol in his coat-pocket, and one day while he was in swimming the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it.

A magazine writer asks: "How shall we utilize the Indians?" This is a difficult question to answer, but perhaps the best plan would be to petrify them, and sell them for cigar store signs. This idea is worthy of consideration, anyhow.

Why still suffer? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cure Heart Disease. Price, $1.; for $5., or 6 for $5.

A hen pecked husband read an account of a clergyman who dropped dead as he was about to unite a couple in marriage. "Ah," he sighed heavily, "the minister who married Sallie and me postponed his death till after the ceremony."

A New Jersey school-teacher has gone insane. It is supposed he was trying to make the children understand that in traveling across the continent the different States could not be distinguished by their colors, as they can on the maps.

In Mr. Spurgeon's fund of illustrated stories is one of a man who used to say to his wife: "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night that when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven, Peter said: "Mary, go in for both." He awoke and made up his mind it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

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Everybody has probably heard of the most popular pen ever invented, The Stylographic, and are aware of its great superiority over all others, but it has not been adapted for common use outside of large cities, owing to its hitherto high price, never having been sold for less than $1.00. The Stylographic is a reservoir pen, which, when once filled with ink, will write for days without refilling. It can be carried in the pocket like a pencil, is always ready for use, dispenses with the use of inkstands and pencils altogether, and is the most valuable article of the kind ever invented for the use of man, woman or child, who has any writing to do. The beautiful Stylographic Pen illustrated above is a first-class and perfect working instrument. It consists of a drawn glass tube, which contains the ink, one end of which is brought to a smooth, delicate point for writing, with an aperture finer than the point of a needle, through which the ink always flows freely, while the other is fitted with a rubber cork air valve, and a cushion, giving it the elasticity of a gold pen. This tube is fitted, by means of a telescopic screw, to a beautiful polished nickel case, from which the pen point protrudes, and when not in use the point is protected by a nickel cap, as shown in illustration. This pen is in every way superior to the best gold pencil, as it writes with ink. It is something that everybody needs and should have, and we will now tell you how you can secure it, *free of cost!* Being the publisher of the old-established and well-known family paper, **The Cricket on the Hearth**, and wishing to obtain for it 100,000 new subscribers during the next few months, we now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of **Twenty-six** 3cents in postage stamps, we will send **The Cricket on the Hearth** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will also send **FREE** and post-paid, the **Genuine Stylographic Pen**, as above described. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH is a magnificent 16-page, 64-column illustrated paper, filled with charming Serials and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and interest the whole family. Think this is a great bargain no one can deny, and the offer is made simply to introduce our paper. Take advantage of it at once. Remember, the Stylographic Pen, which has heretofore been sold at $1.00, is now given absolutely *free* to every one sending for a three months' subscription to the paper. For $1.00 we will send five subscriptions and five Pens. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York. Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 5 Park Place, New York.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE Moliere chemisette, or blouse plastron, is very fashionable for children's toilettes, and is generally made of some light delicate fabric, the casaque being darker and heavier than the fabric employed for the blouse.

Silk muslin is a very suitable material placed over satin and surah of the same color.

For very dressy evening wear both the casaque and plastron are in the same shade as in the following toilette of pale pink satin surah and pink silk gauze.

The skirt is of pleated surah, covered with wide full lace flounce, and the surah casaque is gauged behind at the waist, the skirt falling in pleats, and edged with narrow lace.

The front is open with lace revers over a long blouse plastron of pink silk gauze, gauged loosely at the waist, a pink ribbon tying across from the side seams.

A simpler costume is of moss-green cashmere, with pleated skirt, and long straight casaque fitting the figure.

The edge is trimmed with three rows of narrow gold braid.

The fronts are open, edged with braid, and show the full plastron of gold silk, ornamented at the neck with narrow gold lace.

A large gold lace collar covers the shoulders, the parements being of cashmere simply braided.

The hat is of green straw, lined with green velvet, and trimmed with green velvet and gold satin, mixed with plume of gold feathers.

A very pretty method is followed in trimming little girls' dark woolen dresses.

This is effected with bands of the dress fabric, piped with lighter satin and studded with handsome buttons, metal or tortoise-shell, of not in too large a size.

A dress of brown cashmere has a pleated skirt and tight casaque, edged up the fronts with two bands piped with yellow satin and studded with chased round gold buttons; the two bands are separated by a straight pleated cashmere plastron.

The casaque has triple added basques, forming three points on each side, each point edged with a piped band studded with buttons.

A yellow satin scarf is pleated round the hips and is finished in front with a bow of yellow satin ribbon.

The collar and parements are very large and round, made of white linen with a striped blue border.

Some capital sailor dresses have been made for girls under twelve, some of which are very stylish as well as comfortable.

One costume is of royal blue cashmere, trimmed with rather wide gold braid; but it could easily be made of navy-blue serge, trimmed with white or red braid.

The skirt is quite plain, falling over a yellow balayeuse, and is edged with four rows of gold braid.

A full scarf is draped round the upper part of the skirt, edged with a very wide row of braid.

The bodice is a full sailor blouse, caught in at the waist with a braid belt, and open with a large sailor collar over a blue jersey striped with gold.

The collar and cuffs are edged with gold. The large sailor hat is of blue straw, trimmed with blue ribbon embroidered with gold.

Little girls will wear dresses of flowered sateens and cretonnes like those worn by their mothers, small patterns of course being chosen for them.

A great variety of staples can be made with these fabrics, the skirt being flowered or plain at will.

A remarkably pretty material is a flowered sateen, with very pale blue ground, figured with small pink moss roses.

In this dress both skirt and polonaise are flowered, the skirt simply pleated, and a pleated plastron occupying the whole of the front.

The casaque is a very pretty shape, rounded in front, the backs being much longer, and each forming two tails. The fronts and sides are edged with a plain blue band, piped with pink, revers of the same blue, piped with pink, being placed beyond the band on the fronts, and extending into a large square collar behind; the parements match the collar.

Boys' dresses are much made of white flannel serge, with braided revers and skirt, and pleated silk plastrons.

Both boys and girls under five are wearing sailor dresses exactly alike. Older girls wear these same serge dresses, but for the boys the short skirt is exchanged for short trousers.

Even the girls wear serge drawers or knickerbockers secured at the knee with an elastic.

The object of this is to protect the child from chill while padding, for the short skirt can be tucked into the drawers, leaving a little girl as free as her brothers. In many costumes this season the serge or flannel sailor collar and cuffs are replaced by white linen edged with lines of fine black braid or woolen chain stitch.

Plain velvet ribbon is now the most fashionable trimming for checquered dresses, especially if a polonaise is adopted: the skirts of the polonaise are raised very high in puffs, with velvet and large oval buckles.

Corsages are being made with double and triple waistcoats. What is the reason of this fanciful arrangement?

It is impossible to say unless it is a Breton reminiscence.

Formerly in Lower Brittany the bridegroom announced to the world the amount of his fortune by the number of waistcoats he wore, while the bride adopted the more comfortable method of displaying her "dot" by the number of velvet bands she wore on her skirt, each additional band showing an added degree of riches.

Nowadays, people do not show their wealth by their toilettes, except perhaps in jewelry and laces of price, for an elegant commoner, if she be pretty and possess taste, often looks far better dressed than a lady of rank and fortune.

Anyhow, double and triple waistcoats are in fashion, the first alone buttoning and deserving the name of waistcoat: they are often made of red or blue linen, and are sometimes of mixed linen and silk.

A dress of combined blue cashmere and silk has the skirt of blue cashmere covered with very narrow flounces, at the sides being blue silk robings embroidered with silks of many colors.

The Louis XV. corsage is of embroidered blue silk, with triple waistcoats, two of cashmere and one of silk, above being a Russian chemisette of blue cashmere finished at the neck with an embroidered blue silk collar.

A Henri III. chapeau completes the toilette, and is trimmed with blue velvet, two yellow wings forming an aigrette.

A certain amount of resemblance is noticeable in autumnal toilettes owing to the very extensive use of the Fedora plastron or fichu.

The main reason of its popularity is the fact that the unusually fine summer induced many ladies who have lost their youthful slimness to wear no mantle or even mantelet out of doors, and they adopted this fichu as disguising the figure partly.

Plain linen collars and cuffs are again in fashion, and the clergyman style of collar is the shape most preferred.

The cuffs to match these collars are plain and straight, and are worn over the tight sleeves of cotton or woolen dresses. Irish embroidered linen collars are also in favor, and hem-stitched cambric collars, with the corners turned back in front.

For afternoon and evening, however, lace collars or ruffs, close to the throat, are still preferred.

A pretty style is to edge a band of velvet with lace, and to wear it round the throat instead of a collar.

To this may be added a lace tab in front, or a plastron of lace, with velvet bows down the front.

A regular fichu may also be fixed to it, with a velvet bow at the neck and another at the waist.

This same style is also seen in white or cream-colored satin neck-band and front bows.

In every case the sleeves or cuffs must match the collar.

Lace fichus, or neck-kerchiefs, are very pretty round the neck instead of collars. Muslin fichus edged with lace may also be worn, and also colored silk fichus, either with or without lace.

With morning dresses these are especially becoming. A little cap to match is then worn on the head, or an Alsatian bow only, made of the same. For morning or tea-wraps the Watteau style is the prettiest. It is made of washing silk, or sateen, and sometimes of flowered muslin.

Fireside Chat.

ABOUT OYSTERS.

ONE of the most costly delicacies of modern days is the oyster, though formerly these delicious bivalves were both plentiful and cheap.

It is generally considered that reckless fishing and wanton destruction of the young spat have caused the scarcity, but measures have now been taken for some years past for the cultivation and preservation of our oyster-beds, which it is to be hoped will ultimately have the result of making them abundant again.

They are, indeed, so abundant along our immense coast-line as to form an important article of food supply, and to be cooked in more fashions than we have ever dreamed of.

Many of them are larger than gourmets care to eat au naturel, so a few recipes for dishing them up in tasty forms will probably prove acceptable.

Oysters on Toast.—Eighteen large oysters or double that quantity of smaller ones, must be put in their own liquor into a very hot oven for three minutes. Put two ounces of butter to melt in a small saucepan, and when liquified add a teaspoonful of dry flour, stirring it till quite smooth. Add a few spoonsful of cream and let the mixture just boil up.

Then put the oysters and their liquor to this, season with pepper and salt, and pour the whole over two or three slices of good buttered toast cut into smallish pieces on a hot dish. Garnish with slices of lemon. Another way of serving oysters on toast is to let them boil up in their own liquor and add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs, another of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, pepper, salt and cayenne to taste. When all have boiled for one minute serve them as above.

Oyster Saute.—Four or five dozen oysters are necessary according to size. Let them drain in a colander, season with pepper and salt, roll them in finely pounded cracker crumbs and fry crisp and brown in butter. These should also be served on hot toast.

Roasted Oysters.—Wash the oyster shells quite clean and wipe them dry, then place in a hot oven fortwenty minutes and send them to table the moment they are taken out, or if you do not care for the appearance of the shells, open the oysters rapidly into a hot dish in which is a little butter. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. In this manner the rich flavor of the oysters is thoroughly preserved.

Pigs in Blankets.—Pepper and salt some large oysters, and then fasten each with a tiny wooden skewer into a slice of very thin fat bacon. Fry them for two or three minutes, just long enough to crisp the bacon, and serve without unskewering on triangles of hot toast.

Fricasseed Oysters.—Take two quarts of oysters, drain them well, season with a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste. Brown two ounces of butter in a stewpan, and put the oysters and seasoning into it.

Mix a tablespoonful of flour with two ounces more butter, and stir into the oysters after two or three minutes. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour them in, remove the whole at once from the fire, and serve on a hot dish garnished with fried bread and parsley.

Scalloped Oysters.—Butter the dishes in which you intend to make your scallops, put in first a layer of stale bread crumbs, and then one of oysters. Pepper and salt them, and dot with small bits of butter, then put another layer of oysters and seasoning, moisten with a little milk or cream and another layer of crumbs with small pieces of butter on the top, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven. Cracker crumbs may be used instead of bread, and the whole baked in one large dish.

Creamed Oysters.—Let a pint of cream boil up with a slice of onion and a small piece of mace. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, and stir it into the cream. Boil up a quart of oysters in their own liquor, skim them, drain off the liquor, and put the oysters with salt and pepper into the cream.

Oyster Chartreuse.—Boil and mash six large mealy potatoes with a little milk, pepper, and salt, an ounce of butter, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Butter a large mould, and then sprinkle fine dry crumbs either of biscuit or bread all over. Then completely line the mould with the potato paste. Boil a pint of cream with onion, etc., eight minutes, and slightly thicken with flour.

Boil as many oysters as will nearly fill your mould in their own liquor, season, skim, and drain, add the oysters to the cream, and pour all in. Put on a thick crust of the mashed potato, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Let it stand for ten minutes before turning out on a dish, and take care that the crust does not break. Garnish with parsley and serve.

SALT COD.—This is a very popular dish with people who keep Lent, and also at other times by Catholics. Wash the fish and lay it all night in water in which a little vinegar has been mixed. When thoroughly soaked see that it is quite clean and place in a fish kettle with just enough water to cover it. Let it boil gently and very gradually, and skim diligently. When thoroughly cooked, drain, serve on a napkin and garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in rings. The orthodox vegetable to be eaten with this is a boiled parsnip, and the accompaniment is egg sauce made in the following manner: Boil four eggs for twenty minutes till quite hard, and lay them in cold water for half an hour. Take off the shells and chop the eggs up moderately fine.

Make half a pint of very smooth melted butter, and while boiling stir in the chopped eggs. A little lemon juice is a nice addition.

Correspondence.

MARTHA, (New York City, N. Y.)—You are right.

LAURIE, (Randolph, N. Va.)—Find answer in No. 17.

SUB, (Cinn., O.)—We do not publish them in book form.

M. S. B., (Preston, Ga.)—See answer to "Sub," Cinn., O.

A. M. B., (Galena, Ill.)—Perpetual motion is a mechanical impossibility.

MRS. M., (Phila., Pa.)—We can only refer you to the advertising columns of the POST and other papers.

K., (Phila., Pa.)—Your question is too imprudent for us to answer. You should never meddle with anything that does not concern you.

T. G. C., (Stevenson, Ala.)—We do not think the young man did wrong. The girl acted foolishly in criticising him as she did. She should have been pleased at the honor offered her.

F. A. M., (Ford, Ill.)—To us both sentences seem quite correct, and need no explanation. "Liberty and freedom," however, can hardly be said to vary in meaning.

H. S., (Modino, M. T.)—By Robert Raikes, a Scotch cobbler, sometime around the middle of the last century. Where the first Sunday school was established in the United States we cannot say.

MAUD, (Windsor, Vt.)—Pray go on. There is certainly a great deal of undeveloped capacity; cultivate that, but do not neglect the true business of life. Nothing ever yet was achieved without constant study.

LATE, Camden, N. J.)—The words of the old proverb, as near as we can recollect, are:—

"Get up at five, and dine at nine;
Take supper at five, go to bed at nine,
And you'll live till your years are ninety-nine."

W. E. H., (Rush, Ind.)—1. January 19, 1884. 2. Yes. It is so authorized. 3. We cannot tell about its tasting qualities. We have always found them reliable. 4. Something over 11,000. 5. Under the circumstances you write exceedingly well, and what is of far more importance you spell correctly throughout. 6. Write to James Vick, Rochester, New York.

MERCY G., (Harrisburg, Pa.)—A Volunteer salutes, or should salute his officer, when meeting him. How a Volunteer in uniform should salute a lady when he meets her we cannot say. Possibly, as his superior officer. If the lady be his wife or his sister, or cousin, he may salute her by bringing that portion of his face usually surmounted by a moustache in contact with her lips.

VIOLET, (Jessamine, Ky.)—Nineteen is not too young to be engaged, provided she is sure that she loves the person to whom she engages herself, and provided also that she has the full consent of her parents. Secret engagements and clandestine marriages are very properly looked down upon by society. It is only in very exceptional cases that they can be commended or excused.

N. L., (Shreveport, La.)—1. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty per week. 2. They are paid generally by the manager of the troupe. 3. Usually the salary is fixed at the beginning of the season. 4. It is always difficult and in most cases impossible. 5. Pass their time at seaside, country, and other resorts. 6. Don't know. John McCullough is entitled to that honor. 7. At present her address is London, England. 8. They pay equally well. 9. We have not the space at command; but be assured it is compassed by trouble and trials of which the outside world knows little.

READER, (Kennebec, Me.)—You may take it for granted that when the image of a particular young gentleman begins to fill your thoughts, when you feel happy in his presence and miserable in his absence—when, in short, you begin, as Byron suggests, to sigh about him, you know all that is worth knowing on the subject. 2 Your writing is fair; it could be improved by your taking more care in forming your letters. 3. Our ideas on matrimony are the old-fashioned ones—to wit, that a young lady should marry, as soon as she has arrived at the years of discretion, the man she loves.

FRONT-DOOR, (Phila., Pa.)—Women are not expected to be prodigal of kisses, nor begin kissing. Kisses are not worth much; and to make them seem sweeter, people make a great fuss about them; and forbid them. The truth is, when men may have them by scores they do not care about them. The Sultan never kisses his hundred wives; and little boys who have many sisters think their kisses as insipid as minced veal. But, oh, what a fuss men make when they cannot get a kiss! Then it is valuable because difficult. The more rare it is, the more fuss we make about it. Herrings would be considered as fine as turbot, sprats equal to smelt, and sparrows to ortolans, if they were only as rare. It is the same all the world over in everything in life. Riches are really much worse than competence: nothing to do is a curse, and work is a blessing; and yet we are always struggling for what is truly evil. Therefore women may not kiss: that is, they must not commence kissing. Men have chosen to make their ideal women cold as marble, chaste as ice, and always more ready to repel than invite. Therefore, wait till you are kissed, and then return the favor with interest.

ALICE M., (West Chester, N. Y.)—This Correspondent thus writes:—"I go out a great deal, and play and sing, am rather attractive in looks, and a general favorite, yet I am two-and-twenty, and have not yet received a single offer! What am I to do? I cannot help my nature, and that is to be lively and cheerful. Am I to do violence to my feelings, and when I am spoken to only answer in monosyllables, as some of my friends do, nor play or sing when requested without a great deal of persuasion, refuse to dance, and, in short, make myself generally disagreeable? I have tried the other way, and am called a flirt, and gentlemen seem to consider I am just made to make myself agreeable, and help them while away the evening without seeming to think I possess a heart and feeling the same as other girls. I must, I suppose, sit in a corner, sulky and quiet, and then I shall be called a modest young lady, and soon find an admirer—no, I mean husband; of the former I have enough; as it is, I will try the plan I have determined, and will let you know of the result." We shall be glad to hear of the result. If we have many more letters like this we shall begin to fancy our young men have no appreciation in them.